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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

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The Ingratitude of the Negro.

How the Government Helps the Big Banks to Rob the People.

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Just a Tip

J. W. Crawford

THERE isn't much in this old world
But sunshine after all;
The smiles and tears, the hopes and fears,
The wormwood and the gall
Are all mixed up, and when I come
To analize the whole
I find the sunshine dominates
My heart and broncho soul.

Ye grouchy pessimist whose eyes
Reach not to skies of blue,
Join eyes with mine where God's sunshine
Will meet your lengthened view,
Then let your face reflect it back
In smiles of sweet content,
And shame should roll athwart your soul
For all the growls you've spent.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

A Study of Wall Street and the Money Power

[This editorial was written by Mr. Watson for the New York World, and is reproduced by permission.]

"DOWNING STREET," in British politics, stands for the Administration; "Lon'on Bank" to Robert Burns typified unbounded wealth; the "White House" stands, with us, for the Presidency; and "Wall Street" means, to the minds of the people, the concentrated power of money, of corporations, of syndicates, of trusts and of speculators. A name more thoroughly detested is not to be found in the vocabulary of American politics. It has no avowed friends anywhere. At the mention of this dreaded name people think of "Black Friday," the "gold room" and the panic of 1873. They see again, in ghastly reminiscence, that wreck-strewn day of commercial storm. They hear again the crash of falling houses, the cry of human distress. They see again the wasted field, the empty home, the vagrant family, and all the nameless victims of that "glorious victory" of the lawless soldiers of fortune.

WHAT WALL STREET STANDS FOR.

Mention Wall Street and people think of the good Samaritan, Jason Gould; of the gentle philanthropist, "Commodore" Vanderbilt; of that international humanitarian, Belmont; and of that peroration of unselfishness J. Pierpont Morgan. Around the names of these men and their confederates cling many a tender recollection. There are "pools" to be remembered, and "trusts" that dare oblivion. There are "reorganization" schemes in which millions were stolen.

There are secret dickers with party leaders, in which the legislation which was to follow the campaign was bought and sold before the first speech of the campaign had been made to those unsuspecting innocents—the people. There are backroom deals in bonds—National bonds—by which, in whispered confidence, a mighty nation was mortgaged for a whole generation—said nation being stretched, at the time, in horizontal repose, snoring according to orthodox custom, and knowing nothing until too late—as usual.

There are private bank-parlor conclaves in which half a dozen men, with slippered feet comfortably stretched beneath the council board, laid out colossal schemes of taxation which should compel payment from every bale of merchandise, bushel of grain, pound of meat, ton of hay, bag of cotton on the North American Continent; a colossal tax levied under the name of freight rates—a tax which should give those who levy it 16 cents for hauling 200 miles a bushel of corn which the man whose six months of labor produced it sold for 32 cents—a tax which no Supreme Court will stay; no Legislature check; no victims resist!

All these are to be remembered, and many others besides.

CHARACTER OF WALL STREET MEN.

And who are these mighty men of Wall Street? What are their natures,

purposes, ideals, methods? What is their work after it is done? In private life it may be, and probably is, the fact that most of these Wall Streeters are exemplary citizens. They are, doubtless, good husbands, fathers and friends. As old Thomas Carlyle said, "God forbid that any human creature should be without virtue." In their relations to their fellow-men the Wall Streeters are honest after their own standard, and scrupulously exact. That is to say, they observe the rules of the game. The stealing from the public, and from each other, is done with the nicest regard to the proprieties. The rascality is of the sort called "eminently respectable."

How to get his pound of flesh without drawing blood was the puzzle of Shylock; how to rob a compatriot and dearly beloved brother without violating the laws against robbery is the conundrum upon which the Wall Streeter constantly whets his brain.

And he goes to church with his family every Sunday in a most decent and commendable way.

In Wall Street will be found the American business man in his highest state of development. His knowledge of the affairs which concern him is vast and ready. There is not a rusty piece in all his mental machinery. He is awake from his shoe-strings up. He can go to the marrow of business matters as unerringly as a foxhound tells fox from hare. He is a masterful man, and he knows it.

He controls those who control Presidents and Cabinets. He writes no editorials, but he owns the man who does. He makes no stump speeches, but he can buy all the eloquence he needs. He lingers among the scene-shifters, at the back of the big screen, and grins sardonically as the audience in fronts applauds the puppets; he pays the man who pulls the wires.

WALL STREET AND CLEVELAND.

Grover Cleveland was bull-headed, was he? Had lots of backbone, had he? And yet how neatly these matchless managers of Wall Street manipulated the pompous Cleveland. They created an atmosphere about him; surrounded him with their Benedicts, their Whitneys, their Lamonts, their Morgans; they piloted him into secure harbors, where he found "Golden Fleece"; they softened his way to fortune, and thus they made him their own.

Bull-headed? Since our Republic was founded no President has been so blind a Wall Street tool as Grover Cleveland.

Louis XIV strutted about the grand halls and courts of Versailles, bewigged and bedizened till he seemed a god. He profoundly believed that he had a despotic will which no living creature ventured to oppose. In literal truth he was the unconscious slave of a sly old woman—who in turn was the tool of a sly old priest.

But Louis did not know; and Cleveland did not know. Madame de Maintenon and history knew, however, as to Louis; and Wall Street and the country know as to Cleveland.

SECRET OF WALL STREET'S POWER.

After all, what does Wall Street represent especially?

It represents the power of Money.

There is yet a book to be written about money. The man and the task will some day meet. Nothing is more certain than that the world still lacks a true knowledge of that tremendous factor in modern life called Money. There is something about it which none of the books tell. Its agency in human affairs is more far-reaching and omnipotent than the economists claim.

"Money is a medium of exchange," says some light gentleman, speaking glibly. Yes, so it is. But why, then, is so small a portion of it out at work

perfecting said exchanges? There are countless exchanges waiting to be made, eager to be made, clamoring to be made—why, then, does not your "medium of exchange" get down to business and go to perfecting said exchanges?

"Money is a measure of value," says another glib speaker. Yes, so it is. But why is it that the measure of value makes three bales of cotton worth less now than one bale was worth thirty-odd years ago? The bale of cotton will make just as many frocks or shirts as it ever did, and is therefore unchanged in value.

THE MEASURE OF VALUE.

Why, then, does the "measure of value" take three bales now where it formerly took but one?

With respect to each other, commodities produced by labor have not changed their relative value within these thirty years. Were barter the rule of commerce, corn, wheat and cotton would exchange, the one for the other, upon the same relative terms they bore to each other thirty years ago. It is only when these commodities measure themselves against money that they shrink to one-sixth. Why is this, ye dealers in glib talk?

"Money being a mere medium of exchange, you can no more alter the value of produce by altering the volume of money than you can alter the quantity of molasses by multiplying the number of quart cups."

Thus speaks another glib talker. Suppose you double the size of the quart cup, you get half the number of quarts of molasses, do you not? The entire amount of the money is the quart cup which measures the entire amount of the produce. Alter the amount of money, and you alter the size of your quart cup, do you not?

"Money is an agency of civilization," says another.

Is it not also an agency of barbarism? Is it not a fearful instrument of oppression? Is it not a tyrant of values rather than a measure? Is it not rather a menace to civil liberty than a hope? Cannot the man who has the money become the torturer, the executioner, the dispenser of life and death to the man who has not got it?

It is so if the laws are framed in that direction. Put certain laws back of money, and there is no realm it cannot conquer with its oppressive and aggressive force.

Consider our legal-tender laws. No tax, no debt can be paid without money. Before any safety can be had from tax collector or sheriff, one must take his labor or produce into the market and buy money with it.

Suppose there be no money in the market seeking those commodities. "Result, misery," said Mr. Micawber.

Suppose the supply of money has been "cornered" by speculators; then the man with the produce is their helpless prey—for he must have some of that money. His produce, no matter how much more valuable than the debt, will not pay the debt; he must have money or he is lost.

Suppose you assess a poll tax of $1 against the voter (as we do in the State of Georgia) and say that he must pay the dollar before he can vote; and suppose you decrease the supply of money until it requires four days' labor to get the dollar, whereas it formerly required but one. In such a case, money and the laws you put behind it tend to disfranchise the citizen, and take away political power from the poor.

Suppose you load down a people with national debts and taxes, and decrease the supply of money until the production of labor cannot be sold for more than will pay the cost of living, will those people ever be free?

Whatever there is that is dangerous

in money Wall Street represents. Concentrated money is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it. A "trust" on money is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

Money withdrawn from circulation and put into partnership with speculators in the necessaries of life is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

Money used to corrupt the press, the bench, the Legislature, the ballot, is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

Money gathered into one vast fund to overwhelm competition in the interest of monopoly is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

Money dictating legislation in its own behalf, to the detriment of labor, land and produce, is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

Money seeking to build up a caste, an aristocracy of wealth founded upon special privileges, is dangerous, and Wall Street represents it.

AMERICA'S MONEY-MADE KINGS.

Here in Wall Street we see the actual rulers of this Republic. They are kings. Their realm is the Union; their subjects the citizens of the Union. Here sits the bondholder—"a prosperous gentleman." His wealth is securely fastened in a national bond—beyond the reach of fire and flood. No risks of trade does he run. No taxes does he pay. He lives on the taxes others pay—verily "a prosperous gentleman."

He is a king. The Government is under a mortgage to him, and so are its people. His nod shakes the Cabinet; his word is law to Congress. He paid paper money for bonds back in the "sixties"; he had the law so changed that he must be paid in "coin" and he compelled our "backbone" President to declare that coin meant gold.

Yonder goes the National Banker, "lording the lean earth," and so forth. He not only enjoys every toothsome Government favor the bondholder enjoys, but he has gone and incorporated himself into a bank, elected himself president thereof, put his son in as cashier and his nephew as teller, and is paying the Government fifty cents on the hundred for the privilege of getting Government notes, which he can lend at $8 on the hundred. To get this privilege he doesn't invest a cent beyond what he has already invested in the bond.

He is a king. He pays no Federal tax on his bond; he gets a handsome revenue from the taxes others pay; he nets $7.50 on the hundred upon the special privilege of lending Government-issued notes. The people who need the money and do not share his privilege of issuing it have to come to him for it; pay his own price to get it. Every little bank in the land looks up to him in awe and reverence. His power stretches as far as his capital can reach, and his capital reaches to the uttermost limits of this Republic.

Here in his private office, calm and inscrutable, sits the railway president. He is a king. He can put his toll dish into every hopper in America. No citizen can go to market or return without paying him tribute. No commodity moves without his fiat. No business lives save at his mercy. He can strike the life out of the proudest city with discriminating rates. He can crush any enterprise with rebates given to its rival.

Little does he fear your President. His retainers sit in the Cabinet, in the Senate, in the House. Is he afraid of the law? Why, the judge was his lawyer and still is his tool. Does he tremble when the editor passes? Hardly. The editor loves free rides, fat advertisements and buyers of big blocks of doubtful stock. Does he regard the public? With a snort of contempt he quotes Vanderbilt's remark on said public. Does he obey State

Constitutions? He tramples them till they are flat and lays his monopoly upon the violated laws as he would lay steel rails on cross-ties. He knows the power of money, and he knows it has qualities not analyzed in the books. He knows that the man who has it rules the men who haven't.

THE LAIR OF TRUSTS.

Over there sit the members of the trust. They are kings. They agreed one night on a Nail Trust, and on the morrow every builder in the Union was kneeling at their feet and paying the tribute. On every other article necessary to the demand of modern life they will in turn fix their grip. Tomorrow it will be some article of food; next day it will be coal; then again some article without which houses cannot be built, farm products marketed or home life made endurable.

Thus a hungry horde of combines make their lair in Wall Street and thence prowl forth into every field of industry and human endeavor.

That is what I see in Wall Street. To me it but typifies the evils of our Government—evils which have grown up rapidly since the Civil War and which now threaten the life of the Republic.

In Wall Street I see the power of money to oppress, to enslave, to plunder, to corrupt, to revolutionize.

In Wall Street I see the power of money to defy the law and to buy the law—a power which so dictates the statutes that money, once the mere agent of commerce, is now its master; once the mere tool of exchange, is now its autocrat; once the ready friend of the producer, is now his deadliest foe.

What laws are those upon which Wall Street has built its power? Our corporation laws; our transportation laws; our national banking laws; our laws contracting the currency; our laws against silver; our laws exempting wealth from Federal taxation.

Under these vicious statutes Wall Street has revolutionized our Government and turned it into a moneyed aristocracy; has fettered commerce till it can hardly move; has levied such tolls on the highways that produce dreads shipment.

The Wall Street influence is the chief criminal of the age. It represents the spoliation of the producer by the non-producer; the plunder of the weak by the strong; the rifling of the greenhorn by the sharper; the robbery of the merchant vessel by the pirate; the foray of the feudal chief against the unarmed traders passing his castle.

Not one dollar did the bondholder of Wall Street ever add to the Nation's store of wealth. Not one dollar did the banker, railroad president, stock speculator or trust organizer ever produce.

Afar off, in the thousand fields of industry, the producer is adding to the Nation's store of wealth. In the mine, the quarry, the mill, the shop, the field and the forest the laborer is bent to his task. He brings forth more food, more raiment, more lumber, more coal, more iron, more silver and gold, more brick and marble to add to the world's supply of necessaries, comforts and luxuries.

But here in Wall Street is enthroned the non-producer. His constant care it is to watch the producer and relieve him of his wealth as fast as he produces it. The laws have been so deftly framed that no violence occurs as the property changes hands. In the old times the person robbed had at least the chance to fight for his chattels, his lands and his tenements. He could die like a brave man, sword in hand, in defense of purse, of goods, of home and fireside. That was in the old barbarous days, and "they do those things better" in these civilized and Christian latitudes.

NO HOPE FOR THE PRODUCER.

How can the producer fight for his goods now? If he dared to raise his arm he would be a rebel, an outlaw. He would not be fighting the Wall Street robber. He would be fighting some State or Federal officer who unconsciously acts as Wall Street's agent.

If a shipper of fruit, vegetables or melons loses his entire shipment, and has to pay freight besides, whom can he fight? How can he reach the Wall Street railway king who confiscated his shipment by levying upon it extortionate freight rates?

If an oil mill starts up and is crushed by the Rockefeller trust—the railroad king helping by giving discriminating rates—whom can the plundered victim fight?

If the West Point Terminal people come down to Georgia in palace cars, work a reorganization scheme on the Central Railroad of Georgia, sell the property at public outcry, bid it in for themselves, and thus plunder men, women and children to the extent of ten million dollars, whom can the widows and the orphans fight?

And if J. Pierpont Morgan's company takes charge of the Central and waters its watered stock up to $50,000,000 (whereas the genuine stock was but $7,500,000), whom can the merchants and farmers fight when they are fleeced to pay dividends upon forty millions of imaginary values?

If these Wall Street monarchs make a "corner" upon any article of food, clothing, fuel or other prime necessity, and thus, in violation of the law, wring a tribute out of the unwilling hand of consumers everywhere, it is robbery, isn't it? Yet the person robbed has no chance to stand at bay and resist.

If Wall Street forms a trust on gold, compels the Government to establish the rule of payments in gold only, and thus holds the limited supply which must be had by those who are in debt to meet their almost unlimited demands, can any cheek but pale at the contemplation of this tremendous trap in which the lambs will be caught and sheared?

And where can any fight come in?

RESISTANCE SEEMS FUTILE.

If Wall Street by its gold standard policy and its "corner" on the supply of gold can compel the Government itself to come into the trap, and to issue bonds, bonds, bonds, to get gold, and if these bonds are merely mortgages upon the Republic—the holders of which pay no tax, while the interest on the mortgage is paid from the taxes of others—who is so blind as not to see that the Government itself lies prone in the dust with the iron heel of Wall Street upon its neck?

"Money is a measure of value" they tell me. Just so. Now give control of this measure to Wall Street and Wall Street can so manipulate the size of the measure that intrinsic value almost disappears. Commodities, in the last analysis, must exchange for that amount of money actually in circulation. The man who must have money to pay rent, cost of living, taxes or mortgages can only get a share of the money which is actually in market. The less money there is in the market the more labor and produce and land he must give to get some of the money.

Make the legal-tender laws rigid, as we have done, make money the one indispensable thing as we have done, and then give Wall Street the control of both the supply of money and the demand for it, as we have done, and if Wall Street does not catch all the wealth it wants in this deadly and comprehensive snare it will be because Wall Street's wants are a shoreless sea.

THE STREET'S VICTORS AND VICTIMS.

But the afternoon wears away, evening comes on and the battle is over in Wall Street—for the day. The chieftains have drawn off their forces and for a few hours there will be rest, coupled with plannings for tomorrow's battle. Some of the Wall Streeters come forth flushed with victory. They have borne down all opposition, routed their foes and levied suitable "indenmities" upon the vanquished.

Those who have lost the day will retreat as best they may, reform their shattered lines, if they can, and be ready for another combat later. Or perhaps the defeat has been a rout—a Waterloo—and there is no tomorrow. In that event a brief note from the coward to the wife he leaves alone, and then suicide.

But the victors waste no thoughts over the victims. The private car waits at the depot, and the yacht is ready at the wharf. On board steps the victor, bound for his palace in the mountain or his castle on the Hudson.

The chateaux of the old French noblesse were never so grand as the castles of the Wall Streeters; nor did my lord, the French Marquis, ever hedge himself round about with more of the exclusiveness befitting blue blood than doth this Wall Street son of a soap-boiler, a pelt peddler or a mouse-trap vender. In his castle there is splendor beyond the descriptive coloring power of words. There is the feast and the dance, there is wine and wassail, there is purple and fine linen, there is money until the horses and dogs fare more sumptuously than half the children of the soil, whose labor produced what Wall Street enjoys.

And I wonder sometimes if these men never think of the men they plunder, of the women they widowed, of the children they orphaned. In the warmth and glow of their own imperial homes I wonder if they never think of the hearths that are cold, of the homes that are desolate, of the families scattered, of the old men and women, of the boys and the girls that have been driven shelterless into the storm in order that Wall Street might have another million which it did not need.

In their dreams do these kings of finance—these feudal lords of the corporations—never see the haggard faces of the men they have ruined? Do they never see the pale faces of the suffering women? Do they never hear the cry of the children—the ragged, hungry, homeless waifs—out of whose heart Wall Street has stricken hope and love and faith?

Even the stony heart of Napoleon felt a pang as he looked over the field of battle and noted the dead and dying. If Wall Street has any heart and feels any pang, the proofs are yet to be had.

THE PEOPLE'S ONLY WEAPONS.

"I can hire one-half the people to shoot the other half," said Jay Gould, when someone suggested armed resistance to one of his marauding expeditions. He did not fear armed resistance to anything Wall Street might choose to do. He was quite right. Wall Street could hire half the suffering peo- to shoot the other half.

It is precisely upon this principle that nations are governed and tyranny supported. Just as we hired Indians to kill Indians, England hires Africans to shoot Africans and sent Egyptian troops to slaughter their brethren up the Nile. The Sepoy rebellion was put down partly with Sepoys; Hindoostan was conquered by the use of Hindoo troops, and not long ago we saw England sending one conquered people, the Hindoos, to conquer another, the Soudanese. Thus it goes.

We could never throw off the domination of Wall Street by an appeal to arms. If it cannot be done by voting it cannot be done at all. If the people

have not sense enough to vote Wall Street away they have not sense enough to shoot it away. A man who hasn't got sense enough to know what to do with his ballot wouldn't have sense enough to know what to do with his gun.

"The Goths and the Vandals of the future will gather at the street corners of our cities," said, in substance, Lord Macaulay. Not so. There is no danger from the squalid denizens of the slums. The ragged cohorts of the cellars and the garrets and the ash barrels can never rise above petty larceny, one-horse riots, sporadic murder and occasional pillage. From that direction we need expect no organized attack upon property, no revolution that shall subvert the Government, no avalanche of invasion which shall destroy civilization.

The danger lies in the opposite direction. The Goths and the Vandals of modern life are these law-defying Wall Streeters. They invade every province of industry and despoil it. They force the gates of every city and compel tribute. They carry off from every mart of trade the booty they most covet. In their triumphal march follows the train of captives—the helpless and hopeless debtors.

And as these wretched captives, torn from their plows, torn from their shops, torn from the sunlight, the freedom and the joy of life follow in the train of their masters and enter the fatal Wall Street hell, each seems to read the stern legend written upon the portals, "Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here."

I fear no revolution arising from the poor. The revolution I fear is coming from Wall Street. Through the power of money, which can throttle intrinsic values, and the power of the Trust, which can arbitrarily assess other men's earnings, and the power of the corporation, which can tax the profit out of every other man's business, these Wall Streeters, if not curbed by a revolt of the people at the ballot-box, will work a revolution which may never spill a drop of blood, but which will inevitably change, radically and ruinously, the spirit and the purpose of this democratic Republic.

Dr. Talmage in Russia: Twenty Years Ago

AFTER the downfall of Beecher, Doctor Talmage became the most conspicuous preacher in the United States. His sermons and his writings had an immense audience. "Talmage's Sermon" was a standing headline, in American Monday morning newspapers, and they were widely known in Europe also. No visitor to New York thought of returning home until he had attended services at the Brooklyn Tabernacle and qualified himself to boast of the fact that he had "heard Talmage."

The fact that Doctor Talmage had been engaged to furnish articles to any periodical, was sufficient to boost its circulation into the tens of thousands. No Lyceum, no Chautauqua, no Lecture Course was complete without Talmage. Formal banquets, in quest of oratorical attractions, never failed to urge the attendance of Doctor Talmage.

Somehow the man became the fashion, the rage. He was the Caucasian Booker Washington. Everybody having agreed that he was a wonderful man, the ball kept on rolling by the law of inertia.

Nobody could tell you wherein he was great; nobody could quote anything remarkable from his writings or his sermons; nobody knew of anything phenomenal that he had done, or was supposed to be able to do. His capacity for the benevolent assimilation of an infinite number of voluntary donations was strikingly like Booker Washington's power in the same direction; but beyond the fact that Talmage preached to a large congregation, and wrote books which many people read, his greatness was hard to define.

* * * * *

However, Talmage had his day. He was the fashion. At home and abroad he was a man whom it was the correct thing to treat with distinguished consideration. Foreign potentates, princes and powers knew Talmage as a mighty man of the pen; likewise as a man of infinite capacity for talk; also as a man who traveled with a photographic outfit. Consequently a man to be handled with care; "this side up," as it were.

His progress through a foreign land, was not merely an incident; it was an event. He was greeted with dress-parade formalities. Foreign princes, potentates and powers *knew* that Talmage would write a book about them when he got home; that the book would be read by hundreds of thousands; that public opinion would be influenced by it; and that the photographs of the princes, etc., would appear in the book. Consequently the smiling faces which were turned toward the Talmage Camera by the helpless potentates, etc., were almost distressing in their laborious amiability.

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As to Russia, Doctor Talmage seems to have gone there by imperial invitation and arrangement.

"Stepping from the Moscow train on returning to St. Petersburg, an invitation was put in my hand inviting me to the palace. . . . I had already seen the Crown Prince in his palace. . . . The royal carriage was waiting, and the two decorated representatives of the palace took me to a building where a suite of three rooms was appointed me, where I rested, lunched, examined the flowers and walked under the trees." Then the royal carriage came again and took him through the magnificent and beautiful grounds to the palace of the Czar. During his stay, officials crowded around him, lavished attentions upon him, stuffed his ears with glowing accounts of the lovely conditions prevailing in Russia, and

made Doctor Talmage feel good generally.

Russian autocracy laid itself out to capture Talmage, and it captured him completely.

From a picture on page 408 of his book I infer that Russian enthusiasm broke from every restraint, and that he was caught up in the arms of a delirious populace, and borne triumphantly through the streets, on the shoulders of his worshipers. The picture represents Russian citizens (who bear a disconcerting resemblance to New York dandies), waving their hats wildly—(Derby hats)—and shows Doctor Talmage sitting gracefully upon the shoulders of two elegantly dressed enthusiasts; and the silk hat of the Doctor is held aloft in his eloquent right hand, while his left is extended in what I take to be his favorite gesture. The picture represents all the Russians with their mouths shut. It also represents Talmage with his mouth shut—a fact which arouses a suspicion that the picture is spurious. Under *such* circumstances, Talmage could no more have kept his mouth shut than Bryan could.

Other pictures show Doctor Talmage in the act of responding from his carriage to a street ovation; also of rising to make a few remarks to a grand gathering in a hall draped with the Stars and Stripes; also of making a speech on the arrival of a ship from the United States bringing bread to feed the Russian peasants.

There are, also, pictures showing Talmage seated on one side of a small table and the Czar seated on the other; Talmage in the act of being received into the family circle of the Czar; Talmage standing erect in his carriage, hat outstretched, in the act of returning the salutes of hat-waving crowds which pause and look pleasant, apparently, until Talmage's picture man can draw his focus, spring his slide, and say, "That'll do."

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I state all this to show the readers how public opinion is sometimes made to order. The Russian autocracy knew that Talmage was the best possible press agent they could use. He was intensely vain, easily flattered, a snob to the core, a man whose very soul quivered with delight under the smile of royalty.

There had been a great deal of abuse heaped upon Russia. The newspapers, magazines, political pamphlets had been telling the civilized world a vast deal about the barbarities practiced by the Russian government. George Kennan, the brave American traveler, had risked all the rigors of Siberia to see for himself how prisoners were treated there. His reports had thrilled the hearts of millions with furious indignation against the Czar, and with profound pity for the victims of imperial tyranny. Tolstoy, Stepniak, Kropotkin and many others had been heard.

Russian autocracy was in bad odor throughout the Christian world, and if such a man as Talmage could be enlisted for the defence, it would be a fine thing to do. His voice would carry weight throughout Europe and the United States. Therefore, it is reasonably certain that the Russian government had an axe to grind when it made the Talmage visit an occasion for a series of ovations.

At any rate, the Russian government got from Talmage when he came to write his book of travels, a chapter of the most fulsome, least discriminating praise that you will ever read.

Russia was all right, in every respect. Travelers were *never* subjected to vexatious delays or examinations—for Talmage had not been delayed or vexed. He actually carried into Russia some books which criticised the government, and the magnanimous officials made no

objection. There was no religious persecution in Russia! On the contrary, Jews and Gentiles, of all descriptions, could worship God in any manner that pleased them. The government never interfered.

If a nobleman conspired against the life of the Czar, he was arrested, put into a carriage, blindfolded, driven about for many hours to make him believe that he was on his way to Siberia, and he was then set down, at his own door, safe, unharmed, free!

If a poet wrote scurrilous verses about the Empress, he was brought into the family circle of the Czar and asked to read the lines in the hearing of the lady. That was the worst.

Siberia was described as a country of Italian softness of climate; and banishment to the Siberian prisons, mines, etc., was altogether better for criminals than ordinary jails.

Doctor Talmage defended Russian autocracy, Russian police, Russian prisons, indignantly hurling back upon the slanderers of Russia their foul accusations.

Listen to him—Talmage:

"But how about the knout, the cruel Russian knout, that comes down on the bare back of agonized criminals? Why, Russia abolished the knout before it was abolished from our American navy."

Think of reading this stuff at a time when the ears of the world are yet tingling at the sound of the Cossack's whips!

Think of reading this *when we know* that before Talmage's book was written, and while it was being written, and ever since it was written, Russian peasants, by thousands, *have been flogged every year for non-payment of taxes!*

"The Emperor received me with much heartiness. And at the first glance, seeing him to be a splendid gentleman, with no airs of pretension and as artless as any man I ever saw, it seemed to me that we were old friends from the start."

Doctor Talmage did not visit the Russian prisons which he defended; did not go to Siberia, which he compared to Italy; did not make any investigations of peasant-life; did not go among the working classes; did not talk with Tolstoy, nor any man of the dissatisfied elements. In fact, Talmage declares, in effect, that nobody was dissatisfied.

Listen to Doctor Talmage, page 422:

"He who charges cruelty on the imperial family and *the nobility of Russia*, belies men and women as gracious and benignant as ever breathed oxygen."

Shades of von Plehve!

When we read such lines as the above and recall how that gracious and benignant nobility have drenched Russia with blood of peasants, Jews, city workingmen, republican agitators—littering the streets with ghastly heaps of murdered men and women and children—we may well stand amazed at the success with which the wool was pulled over the eyes of the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.

"There are no kinder people on earth than the Russians, and to most of them cruelty is an impossibility."

Of the Czar, Doctor Talmage says: "He's doing the best things possible for the nation which he loved, and which as ardently loved him. . . . Things are going on marvelously well, and I do not believe that out of 500,000 Russians you will find *more than one person* who dislikes the Emperor, and so that Calumny of dread of assassination drops so flat that it can fall no flatter."

According to Doctor Talmage the story that the Czar dreaded the assassin was a base Calumny, and he, Talmage, flattened it out in his book "so flat it can fall no flatter."

I wonder what the present Czar would feel, think and say if he could *now* read Talmage's comfortable assurances on the subject of "dread of assassination."

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While in Russia, Doctor Talmage saw the Rulers, and no others. He talked with the governing class, and no others. He saw a ship from the United States bringing bread to the Russian farmers, but it never occurred to his mind that a drouth in one portion of the huge Russian Empire was no good reason why the New World should have to save Russian peasants from starvation.

Looking only on the surface, seeing only what his "old friend" the Czar, wished him to see, he praised the Russian government in terms of the most unqualified eulogy.

Before the Talmage book was ready for the press, Prince Cantacuzene, the Russian Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, summoned Doctor Talmage to the deck of a Russian man-of-war, in Philadelphia harbor, and presented to the enraptured American "a complete gold-enameled tea service accompanied by a message of love which I cannot now think of without deep emotion, since Emperor Alexander has disappeared from the palaces of earth to take his place, as I believe, in the palaces of heaven."

In behalf of the Czar, the formalities of a trial on Judgment Day, were waived, it would seem; and the Czar went direct from Peterhof to his mansion in the skies.

The Emperor Alexander, it is well-known, was succeeded by his son, Nicholas, the reigning Czar.

Talmage's book was published in 1896.

Here is what he predicted:

"*I prophesy for Nicholas the Second a long and happy reign!*"

That was a very natural inspiration. Talmage had delved into Russian affairs and found conditions ideal. The government was mild, just, progressive. The people were contented, and devoted to the Czar. There was no cruelty in the administration, and no suffering among the peasants excepting the locality affected by the drought. The bread had been sent to feed the peasants, and all would be well. The Knout had been abolished. The serf, freed, was happy. Religious toleration was in practice: the circulation of political literature unhampered.

There was not a cloud upon the horizon. George Kennan, Stepniak, Tolstoy, Krapotkin had been slandering vilely the most humane Government of Europe—a Government which Talmage compared to ours, to our discomfiture in various respects.

With a Podsnapian wave of his hand, Talmage said to Europe, "*Let this international defamation of Russia cease.*"

With that Royal welcome fresh in his memory, with those public ovations still ringing in his ears, with that "complete gold-enameled tea service" gladdening his eye, with the "message of love" conveyed by the Prince Cantacuzene still warming his heart, how could Doctor Talmage prophesy otherwise?

The spirit of the occasion demanded prophecy, and there it stands recorded, page 432:

"*I prophesy for Nicholas the Second a long and happy reign!*"

The Ingratitude of the Negro

In an address before the five hundred delegates attending the convention of negroes in Macon, Ga., several years ago, to discuss racial problems, Bishop H. M. Turner, colored, declared the American Flag to be a dirty and contemptible rag. He further said that hell was an improvement on the United States when the negro was involved.

In closing he said:

"I have heard of both white and black men perpetrating rape upon innocent, angelic women, but no negro in this country has been tried by the courts and found guilty of the heinous crime of rape in fifteen years.

"I know that bloody-handed and drunken mobs have said so, but what Christian people would accept what they say? Yet there are millions of men who pretend to be moral and claim to be sensible in this country, who go to these drunken mobs to get information relative to the conduct of colored men."

HOW it came to pass is a question which human wisdom may not solve, but in the earliest dawn of history we find the races of men separated by color and by characteristics, very much as they are at this time.

In spite of all the comings and goings, the migrations and conquests, the discoveries and colonizations, the world is pretty nearly the same old world, so far as the distinct races of men are concerned. The Jew is still the Jew, the Gentile still the Gentile. All the currents of the ages have not washed the yellow man white, nor turned the red man yellow, nor the black man red. The hot sun of the tropics pours down upon the heads of the sons of men as fervidly as in the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but it has not been able to kink the hair, flatten the nose, blubber the lips or blacken the hide of a single man, woman or child of the Aryan race. The Chinaman, racially, is what he was in the time of Confucius; the Hindoo is yet the dark man whom Khrishna sought to lead to the higher life.

In Africa, the home of the negro, there has been a monotonous repetition of the same old facts which historians learned from monumental inscriptions and indestructible tablets thousands upon thousands of years old.

The African negro has always been a distinct type, an inferior type, a savage type, a non-progressive type. Left to himself, he wore no clothing, built no houses, had no commerce, systematized no production of any sort and never had the faintest conception of doing anything to improve himself or his condition. He killed for the day the game he needed for the day. For the future, he made as little provision as the Indian and the Esquimau.

Beyond the herding of cattle he had no instinct for accumulation. His normal state was that of warfare against some other black tribe. His religion was the grossest superstition. He offered up to his heathen gods the sacrifice of the negro child; and when his appetite for four-legged animals was sated, he changed his diet by cooking and eating another negro.

Where the sexual relations of the men and women were not promiscuous, they were polygamous. Strictly speaking, there was no such thing as morals known among them. Property rights which certain men had, or claimed, in certain women might be respected, but the conception of virtue was not reached.

They never evolved an alphabet. They never advanced beyond the crudest, rudest, most brutal tribe-life.

They had chiefs, or kings; and these kings exercised, despotically, the power of life and death over their ignorant subjects.

They had conjurers and witch doctors, and it was one of the time-honored

customs that the witch doctors should "smell out," for death, the wretched creatures whom the king wanted to kill, or whom the witch doctors themselves wished to put out of the way.

Thousands upon thousands of years ago, negro warriors sold their negro captives into slavery. Negro husbands would offer their wives and daughters to foreign travelers. Negro fathers would sell their children. In some of the oldest monumental inscriptions of the human race, the negro appears as the chained slave of foreign masters.

Anybody on earth who wanted to buy him could do it. His king was ready to sell him; his father was ready to sell him. The Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman owned black slaves as far back as the records go; and the historian, Gibbon, did no more than express the universal experience and opinion of the ages when he wrote that the negro was a distinctly inferior race.

Of all the negroes that have ever lived Tchaka was the greatest. He ruled in Africa, in the eighteenth century.

He was a man of immense natural power. His ambition was boundless, his soul untroubled by fear or scruple. Absolute master of a strong tribe, he hurled it against other tribes, one after another, until he had conquered and devastated an imperial territory. In his march to dominion, it is estimated that he caused the slaughter of a million human beings, all of whom were his brothers in black. But he never built a city; never put a ship on the sea; never made two blades of grass grow where one had grown before. He founded no institutions of any kind. He was densely ignorant and superstitious himself, and he had no conception of anything higher or better.

To kill, to conquer, to feast, to indulge bestial lust, to inspire terror, to exploit and mercilessly abuse the abject servility of the negroes over whom he ruled were his "pleasures of living."

It was believed that he caused the death of his own mother; it is *known* that when he buried her he buried fourteen young negro girls with her—*buried them alive!*

It is *known* that, during the "period of mourning" which followed, he caused the death of some thousands of maddened and helpless negroes. It is also known that his sisters got his brothers to assassinate him. Then one of these brothers murdered the other, and so became king of that happy land.

If Africa where the negro is still to be seen in his natural state, you can still buy negroes from negroes. Husbands will yet sell wives, fathers will yet barter daughters and sons. The buying and selling of negroes goes on now just as it did in the days of the Pharaohs. There is not so much of it as there used to be—to the regret, doubtless, of African chiefs who have negroes they would like to sell.

Not long ago there was a story which went the usual rounds. An English traveler was about to set out from a certain coast town of Africa upon a journey into the interior. He expected to be gone for several months. In fitting himself out with camp equipage, he bought a negro girl to carry along—to serve as his mistress. Her father sold her, and the only surprise that was caused by the transaction was the amount paid. The Englishman gave about one hundred dollars for the girl and it was generally considered an extravagant figure. As to the girl, she seemed proud to have been selected, and gratified at having been sold so high. When the Englishman had finished his trip, he probably sold her at a discount to some other white man who desired a complete camp outfit.

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Excepting those portions of Africa wherein the white man has set his foot and impressed his will, the negro is at this day the same lustful, brutal,

besotted cannibal and voodoo slave that he was thousands of years ago.

In Jamaica, the white man has to steer for him, and control him.

He did not even know what to do with bananas till Col. Baker, a white man, came along and taught him.

In Liberia, he has gone back to heathenism and savagery, because the white man's strong hand is not there to guide and control.

In San Domingo, he had—as a starting point—one of the fairest civilizations the world has known. Aided by the yellow fever, the black man drove out the white; and now he has gone back into chaos, voodooism, cannibalism and imbecility.

In the United States, negroes can run a bank, for they can see white men running banks all around them and they are quick at imitation.

How is it in San Domingo, where the black man rules the white?

Apparently there is not a bank in San Domingo. If there is, it cannot be trusted. Why do I say this?

Because that portion of the San Domingan custom-house receipts which was to be paid to the creditors of the negro republic had to be deposited in a New York bank for safe-keeping.

In the United States, the negroes can run colleges, manufacturing establishments, automobile street-car lines, newspapers and magazines. Why? Because they see how the whites run colleges, manufactories, and automobiles, newspapers and magazines.

In San Domingo there is no Tuskeegee, Hampton or Howard. In San Domingo there are no flourishing manufacturies created and operated by negroes; and no up-to-date automobile street car lines, such as the negroes started in Nashville, Tennessee.

The negroes of San Domingo ought to have a commerce—one of the most profitable in the world; but they haven't. Their navy is a myth, and their army a joke. One revolution chases after another with such confusing rapidity that when our Senate meets to debate the ratification of the San Domingan treaty which Roosevelt had arranged, the "President" with whom Roosevelt had made the treaty is a fugitive, whose "Cabinet" has compelled him to take to the woods.

There used to be an "Order of Nobility" in San Domingo, with its Marquis of Lemonade and its Duke of Marmalade; but as these eminent Noblemen have failed to show up in the later turmoils I fear their titles have become extinct, or that the "Order of Nobility" has been abolished.

Which is a pity. It would have been something worth living for to have seen the Duke of Marmalade paying a visit to this country, receiving the adoring attentions which New York's "Swell Set" pay to all "noblemen" whomsoever.

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Nowhere else in the universe is the negro treated so well as in the United States.

He was once a slave, but his own people sold him. Either he was a captive in war who would have been slain, broiled and eaten, if the English or Dutch sailor had not come along and offered to buy him; or he was in the power of his chief, his father or his brother, and was by them offered for a price.

Some of the blacks who were brought to this country may have been kidnapped, but, as a rule, there was no need for kidnapping. Negroes could be bought for a song all along the Coast and all through the interior of Africa. The most successful "kidnapper" was New England rum.

Yes, it is a literal historical fact that the negro was sold into slavery by his own people, just as Joseph was sold by his brethren.

In the long run what was the consequence to the negro?

He was changed from a savage into a semi-civilized man.

In his native land he had been an ignorant serf whose life depended upon the temper of a despotic brute—his chief.

He exchanged a slavery for a slavery; and the slavery to which he was brought lifted him from a brute into a man.

We taught him how to work; we taught him how to read; we taught him how to think; we taught him how to live.

To free him from the bondage into which his own brethren had sold him, a million white men rose in arms. There were four years of terrible, horrible strife; half a million white men fell in battle; six billions of dollars were devoured in the flames of Civil War; and over all that period of strife, and over the host which finally triumphed, waved the flag which the freed negro—freed at such frightful cost—now safely denounces as a dirty and contemptible rag!

When the "Brothers' War" was over and while the former owner of the slaves was prostrate, those who had fought that the black man might be free, clothed him in the garments of citizenship, giving him the ballot, giving him office, giving him power, at the same time that tens of thousands of white men were outlawed.

"Show to the world that you are capable of government," said the white philanthropist to the blacks; and the result was a hideous carnival of mismanagement, incompetency and gross rascality which at last made even the professional white philanthropist sick and ashamed.

Taking out of the hands of the blacks the political power which he had shown himself unfit to wield, the whites have ever since occupied toward him the attitude of a guardian over a ward, manifesting for him a helpful sympathy, aiding his advancement with substantial contributions, leading him upward and onward by precept, example and wholesome control.

Schools were established for him. Churches were built for him. White men and white women devoted their lives to lifting the black man, the black woman, the black child into the nobler, purer paths. White men taxed themselves to put an end to the negro's ignorance and superstition. The white man opened his purse to endow colleges for the negro's special benefit. The white man opened the door of opportunity to the black, and gave him a chance in every field of human endeavor.

Not for one month could the negro prosper in the United States, if the white man became his enemy.

In one month, we could by concert of action, so smite the negro that his mushroom growth would wither like the severed gourd-vine. The maddest thing, the most suicidal thing that the black man could do would be to arouse the enmity of the whites.

When that day comes, if it shall ever come, the white man will not any more stop to count the cost of annihilating, or of driving out the blacks, than Spain halted to count the cost of smiting and driving out the Moor.

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In the United States the negro is seen at his best, because of the constant example, guidance and control of the whites.

Nowhere else on the planet has the negro the religious establishment which he has copied from us, with our earnest help.

Nowhere else has he the educational system which he has patterned after ours, aided at every step by us.

Nowhere else has he the banks, manufactures, newspapers, magazines, modernized farms, elegant professional offices which he has fashioned upon our

models, amid our plaudits of approval and encouragement.

By the hundreds, by the thousands, the negro has been admitted to positions of honor and trust. He has been in the Senate; he has been in the House of Representatives; he has been in the State Legislatures; he has served on juries; he is in the army; he is on the police force.

In the proud, aristocratic city of Charleston did not the redoubtable Dr. Crum, a negro, sit at the Receipt of Customs, drawing a fatter salary than was ever enjoyed by Matthew, the Apostle of Christ?

There are no Dr. Crums in Africa or Liberia. And in San Domingo it is the white man who sits at the receipt of customs—nobody being willing to trust the negro with his own money.

Did not our President declare that when Judson Lyons, Register of the Treasury, goes out, another negro shall take his place? *Thus it shall continue to happen that Uncle Sam's paper money shall not be good in law until a negro has set his name to it.*

Once upon a time, a white man, in the United States, gave a negro school a million dollars in a lump. Doctor Booker Washington got the money. I wonder how long the learned Doctor would have to live in Africa, Liberia or San Domingo before he could get a million dollars with which to operate a school.

Really, it sometimes occurs to me that if such negroes as Bishop Turner are honest in their denunciations of the United States, they would pack up their belongings and go right back to dear old Africa, the home of the race. Nothing on earth prevents their doing so.

Rather than go to hell *I* would go to Africa; and if I believed I was living in a land which was worse than hell, I would even try San Domingo, for a change.

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What *bosh*, nonsense and self-assertive insolence is embodied in Bishop Turner's denunciation of the Flag and of the Government!

Poor, down-trodden negro!

What a doleful howl he sets up when he is asked to ride in a separate car; and when he is told that separate churches, separate schools, separate hotels, and separate social life is best for both races. How he raves and froths at the mouth when we tell him that for his own sake, as well as ours, we who have, with desperate difficulty and hardship and sacrifice, built up our civilization, cannot afford to allow it to fall into the power of the inferior race. We have seen what they did with this same Civilization in San Domingo when the French Revolution, most unwisely, entrusted it to the blacks.

Reconstruction days taught us that the San Domingan experience would be repeated here, if the negro rule continued. To save ourselves from such a calamity, *and to save the negro from himself*, we put back into the hands of the whites that civilization which had been the outcome of centuries of effort on the part of the whites.

And when the Negro Convention of today has not met to howl but to brag, what a beautiful, brilliant picture their orators can paint, as they proclaim the progress and prosperity of the negro. What wonderful statistics they use to prove that the negro has advanced in knowledge more rapidly than the whites of Russia, of Hungary, of Italy, and of Spain! What a glittering array of accumulated millions do they claim, in lands, chattels and hereditaments! With what vociferous gusto do they "point with pride" to their farms, their stores, their banks, their newspapers, their magazines! To listen to them when they have assembled to jubilate instead of to howl, you would suppose that, so far as the negro was concerned, the horn of

plenty was full, the land flowing with milk and honey. Even Bishop Turner, with an amazing unconscious inconsistency, fills his letter of so-called denial with boastings of the handsome homes in which the negroes live, the furniture which the white man just ought to go and see, the "library" which would delight the scholar, the piano music and the organ melodies which, in negro homes, soothe the ear and charm the sense.

Let us admit that every bit of this bragging and boasting is founded upon solid fact. Then, in the name of common sense, let me inquire: "*Where, oh, where, is the negro race doing all these marvelous things?*"

In what country, under what flag, is he piling up these millions of money? Under what government is he outstripping the Russian, the Spaniard, the Austrian? Where is it that he has bought so many farms, established so many banks, built such fine houses, secured such attractive furniture, and gotten an organ for 'Liza Jane and a piano for Susan Ann?

Is it in Africa? No. In Liberia? *No.* In San Domingo? No.

The negro is doing the splendid things to which he "points with pride" *in that country whose flag is a dirty rag, in that land which is worse than hell!*

Poor, down-trodden negro!

He makes an idle wager in Baltimore that he will kiss a white girl, in a white hotel; and he walks up to her in the public dining room, puts his hands upon her and kisses her!

In Chicago, he sits down in a white restaurant, and beckons a white woman waitress to come and wait upon him; and when she refuses, he goes straight to a magistrate, swears out a warrant, has the girl arrested, and sends her to prison!

Poor, down-trodden negro! In New York City, and perhaps in other cities, negro men hold white women in a state of slavery, *to minister to their lusts;* and the political power of these negroes is so great that the lawful authorities have been utterly unable to free these white slaves from the bestial degradation in which they are held by their black masters.

In Washington City—but that would require a chapter to itself. If there is a Paradise on this earth, a Garden of Eden filled with ceaseless joy for the non-producing, insolent, self-assertive blacks, it is our Capital City of Washington, where more than two thousand negro men and women draw Government pay in federal offices.

Oh, that Bishop Turner had descrbed to the Macon Convention one of those "Receptions" at the mansion of Judson Lyons, Register of the Treasury—such as Judson often held. Oh, that the Bishop had told the Convention how many of Judson's colored guests came in automobiles, which were left lining the sidewalk and obstructing the street. Oh, that the Bishop had described to the Convention the similarity between the negro "Reception" at the mansion of the Register of the Treasury and the white reception of the President of the United States!

Poor, down-trodden negro! In this land which is worse than hell, it actually happens that he is sometimes compelled to take dinner with John Wanamaker, and to lunch with Theodore Roosevelt!

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The amazement within me grows as I dwell upon the black man's woes, and I marvel that Doctor Washington, Judson Lyons, Bishop Turner "and others among 'em" do not pack right up and go straight back to dear old Africa.

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And to think that the man who declared this country to be worse than hell is a "negro preacher." I had supposed that if there was any human be-

ing who found the United States an ideal abode, "it was the "negro preacher." He is the one incumbent whom I had been led to believe had a mighty rich thing in salary, and a still richer thing in "*perquesits*." If I had been asked to go out and find the man who could unreservedly indorse the proposition that life *is* worth living, I should have struck a bee line for the nearest negro preacher.

Of course, if I had been unable to find *him*, my next choice would have been the negro school-teacher.

The army of negro preachers is a shining host, waving palms of victory, and apparently happy; the army of negro school-teachers is another shining host, waving palms of victory, and apparently happy.

The white man's money, directly and indirectly, supplies the sinews of war to both these shining hosts—a fact which it did not suit the purpose of Bishop Turner to mention in the convention which had met to howl, and which, consequently, was bound to howl.

In Africa, in Liberia, in San Domingo, negro preachers have not flourished, increased, or put their hands upon so many good things as they have done in poor, little, old North America. And the shining hosts of negro school-teachers, flush with the white man's money, do not wave any palms of victory beyond the limits of the country which is worse than hell, the country whose flag is a dirty, contemptible rag "where the negro is involved."

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Take out of your pocket a five-dollar or one-dollar treasury note, or certificate, and look at the name signed to give it validity.

"*Judson W. Lyons, Register of the Treasury.*"

Do you find it?

Well, that name has been a legal necessity to every treasury note issued by the Federal Government during the last eight years.

Judson W. Lyons is a negro.

Nevertheless, this Judson W. Lyons went down to Macon, Georgia, to attend a convention of negroes, and in this convention he heard Bishop H. M. Turner, a negro, denounce the flag of his country as "A CONTEMPTIBLE AND DIRTY RAG;" and Judson did not open his mouth to protest.

He also heard this ungrateful Bishop declare that—"*Hell is an improvement on the United States when the negro is involved.*"

Still, Judson W. Lyons sat there in apparent acquiescence—he an officer of the Government!

Now when you are told that every blessed son and son-in-law of Bishop H. M. Turner was appointed to office under President Cleveland, and when you bear in mind that Judson Lyons has so long been in the enjoyment of a Federal office which pays him $8,000 per year, you can form a fair idea of a radical defect in negro character. It is *Ingratitude.*

Bishop Turner has been treated with the utmost consideration by the whites. He enjoys a larger income than he could hope to draw as witch doctor in Africa, or as voodoo man in San Domingo. He lives on the fat of the land, grows juicy himself, and yet runs no risk of being hot-potted by hungry brethren—as he would in his native land of Africa. He dresses in a manner which would have stunned King Tchaka; and to see him take his ecclesiastical ease in a Pullman car is a sight for the sore-eyed.

What is the Bishop angry about?

Apparently for the reason that "drunken mobs" in the North, South, East and West diabolically persist in accusing the negro of committing rape.

The Bishop says that the negro is innocent. Being innocent, he is necessarily as innocent as a new-born babe. The Bishop declares that "no negro has

been tried by the courts and found guilty of this crime of rape in fifteen years."

This statement makes the other twin for Booker Washington's assertion that "not more than six" graduates of negro colleges have ever gone wrong. A more precious pair of Siamese-twin lies have not been put in type since the decease of the late lamented Baron Munchausen.

My opinion is that Bishop Turner, if he continues to cultivate the evil spirit which broke loose in the Macon Convention, will some day know, by experience, whether hell IS an improvement over the United States; but, before that time comes, I would suggest that he step down to San Domingo and soak himself in the luxuries of that region for awhile, as a preparation for the other place.

How the Government Helps the Big Banks to Rob the People

A FEW years ago, during a period of great stringency in the money market, the farmers of the West and the South pleaded with the Government for relief. They asked that the United States Treasury lend them money at the same rate of interest that the Government paid for its bonds. To secure the loan they offered to give a mortgage on their lands and to deposit warehouse receipts for cotton, wheat and corn.

The proposition of the farmers was rejected with a burst of ridicule and wrath which even now seems incredible.

The whisky dealers were securing a loan of many millions of dollars, annually, from the Government, at five per cent. interest. That is to say, by depositing the whisky with the Government, they could use in their business, for three years, at five per cent. interest, the tax of ninety cents per gallon which was then imposed upon the whisky.

The national bankers could deposit *their* property with the Government and secure the loan of hundreds of millions of dollars practically free of interest. That is to say, the national banker could deposit his bonds with the Treasury Department and get ninety dollars in notes to be used as money for every hundred dollars of bonds so deposited.

But when the farmers asked to have the same system of national loans extended to land, cotton and wheat, the statesmen who voted loans on whisky and bonds could see no good thing in the proposition.

* * * * *

Yet the farmers feed and clothe the world; they supply that without which the Republic could not exist; and, after feeding and clothing the home-folks, they furnish the volume of exports which make us a leading nation to the earth, a supply depot from which all others draw the necessaries of life—the Egypt to which the famine-stricken of other lands come for succor in seasons of dearth.

This Republic never did and never can exist without its farmers.

It can and *did* exist without its national bankers. In fact, the period of our greatest general prosperity was that in which we had no national bankers.

The Republic can and *did* exist without its Whisky Trust. During the time when we were happy and prosper-

ous without national banks, there was no vast aggregation of capital controlling politicians, newspapers and Legislatures in the interest of the demoralizing Whisky Trust.

Yet the indispensable farmer was ridiculed and abused when he implored the Government for temporary relief, while the unnecessary and injurious whisky makers and national bankers got what they demanded.

* * * * *

For instance, the national bankers, who have so long been using free of interest fifty-six million dollars of our public funds, decided in March last that they needed ten millions more. They put forward their demands. They were refused—*at first.* But the proper pressure was applied at the proper place, apparently, for the Secretary of the Treasury soon announced that he would lend the pet national banks *ten million dollars, free of interest, "on such security as he deemed satisfactory."*

* * * * *

What kind of security will be "deemed satisfactory?"

Railroad stocks and bonds; telegraph company bonds, municipal bonds; Steel Trust bonds; Coal Trust bonds; etc. All of these bonds, when accepted as "satisfactory," will secure a loan of *ninety dollars of each hundred dollars of bond.* The margin is quite narrow, isn't it?

* * * * *

Can any fair-minded man tell me, why it is that a few national bankers should be the only citizens of this country who can walk up to the United States Treasury and borrow $66,000,000, without interest?

Where is the justice of it?

How can it be defended as a Governmental policy?

The state banks have as good a right to borrow from the Government as the national banker has.

The merchant has as much right as the state banker; the lumber dealer has as much right as the merchant; the mine owner has as much right as the lumber dealer, and so on, down the line.

Why should just a few financial pets be chosen for the enormous benefits of a loan of $66,000,000 *of public money without interest?*

* * * * *

No man can defend the favoritism, the abuse of trust funds, the misappropriation of the taxes paid into the Treasury by the people.

* * * * *

The law never did contemplate that money should be taxed out of your pocket to be loaned to some other citizen.

* * * * *

When the machinery of Government is so used as to take $66,000,000 from all the people and to give it to a favorite few, free of interest, the law has simply confiscated that much of the wealth of the many and donated it to the use of the few.

Is not that true?

If the Government compels you, by taxation, to part with your money, and then let me use that money, year in and year out, free of interest, *what is that but the confiscation of your property for my benefit?*

* * * * *

The farmers did not ask the Government to take money from other citizens for their benefit. No. The farmers proposed that the Government relieve the universal stringency *by calling back into life the paper currency which the London-New York contractionists had burned!* and asked to be allowed to use a portion of the currency thus called back into circulation. They did not have the nerve to demand the use of the money without payment of interest. They offered to pay the same rate of interest that the Government was pay-

ing on its own loans. The security they were willing to give was at least as good as Chicago Sanitary Bonds, which Leslie Shaw accepts. Land, cotton in the warehouse, wheat in the elevator—what's the matter with that sort of collateral?

The very banks who borrow public money from Secretary Shaw on Chicago Sanitary Bonds will lend it on warehouse receipts for cotton, and elevator receipts for wheat. The great difference is that, whereas the national banker pays no interest when he borrows from Shaw, he will charge as much as the traffic will bear when *he* lends the same money on warehouse and elevator receipts.

And there is the milk in the cocoanut. *The national banker is the big Middleman between Government and people;* AND HE FLEECES BOTH. He milks the Government with one hand and the people with the other.

* * * * *

When interest upon call loans ran up to 125 per cent. in New York, Russell Sage shook off, momentarily, the feebleness of old age, and rushed down to his office to do business.

In a few hours, he had loaned out millions of dollars; and the newspapers reported *his profits on that day's lending* at $70,000. The sum loaned was $30,000,000.

Now, bear in mind that $56,000,000 of your tax money was, *at that time*, in the pet banks *ready to be loaned at one hundred and twenty-five per cent.*

Can you not see what a fat thing the pets enjoyed—just as Russell Sage enjoyed it? Do you not suspect that the pets do certain things for certain men in authority before they can get the perpetual enjoyment of such illegal, unjust and undemocratic favors?

There were great scandals in Ohio, not long ago, over the use of public funds by certain bankers. It developed that the bankers bribed the public officials who had charge of the money.

Don't you suppose that the federal authorities who allow Wall Street free use of the national funds "*get in on the game*," somehow and somewhere?

* * * * *

If it was a profitable thing for the bankers to pay the County Treasurer of Hamilton County, Ohio, $20,000 to persuade him to "deposit" the county funds with them, what do you suppose they could afford to pay the officials of the national treasury for the free use of national funds.

It was shown that Boss Cox of Ohio enjoyed graft to the extent of $7,000,000 per year by allowing Ohio banks to use Ohio State funds.

During the last year when call money ranged from ten to one hundred and twenty per cent. what amount of graft do you fancy there must have been in the use of your national Treasury by the pets who were allowed free use of the nation's millions?

* * * * *

Nobody could ever explain the source of John Sherman's wealth save upon the hypothesis that in the huge bond deals and the huge deposits of public funds in a certain bank in which he was interested, *there was a profit for John.*

Remember, also, how another Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman Gage, acted as a docile yellow pup for the Standard Oil Company.

Think also, what opportunities Carlisle enjoyed as Secretary under Mr. Cleveland when the Rothschild-Morgan-Belmont gang were raiding the Treasury.

* * * * *

But this man Leslie Shaw beats the band. He alone, of all the Secretaries of the Treasury, has proposed to go into collusion with the national banks and to flood the country with counterfeit money, *secured by nothing.*

Talk about "fifty cent" silver dollars! Talk about "pea-vine and pumpkin currency" based upon land, cotton

and wheat! Why, this fellow Shaw doesn't want the national bankers to furnish even the pea-vines and the pumpkins. Just paper and ink; that's all.

Leslie reminds me of Josh Billings' kangaroo, in that he is such "an amoosin' little cuss."

* * * * *

In another particular, Leslie Shaw beats the lot. He alone, of all the Secretaries of the Treasury, has, in terms, agreed to "*lend*" money to Wall Street speculators *for a specified time.* He says he will lend them ten million dollars without interest, *till the first of July*, 1906, on such security as he may "deem satisfactory."

Heretofore these loans of public funds to private corporations have worn the thin veil of "Deposits in the National banks." Under that demure and decorous name, the Treasury has for years carried the loans which the Secretary makes to his pets.

Leslie lifts the veil. Leslie scorns subterfuge, excepting in the case of counterfeit money.

Leslie planks his foot right down and calls the ten million dollar "deposit" a loan, which must be repaid by July 1, 1906.

After all, I rather admire Leslie. There is something about his unabashed violation of law, his unconcealed scorn of the people, his placid assumption that the public Treasury is the Silent Partner of Wall Street in the great modern game of High Finance, that I find myself becoming fascinated, spellbound, mutely enwrapped in spite of all that I can do.

The Constitution? Why, "what's the Constitution between friends?"

The Constitution is the great national pitchfork made for judges and legislators and cabinet officers; the smooth end, the harmless end is always ready to be placed in the hands of those whom it is desired to favor. The weaponless end is for "friends," favorites, pets, whether they be individuals, classes or corporations.

The deadly end, the jagged teeth end, the impassable, stop or die end is ever there to be jabbed into the vitals of men, classes and measures who are not the "friends," favorites, and pets of those in place and power.

The above was written in 1906, and fits conditions today.

The Wall Street bankers are now trying to get McVeagh to do just what Shaw did in 1906.

What It Takes to Make a "Good Catholic"

WE think we sate the exact truth when we say we are free from bigotry upon the subject of religion. We have no prejudice whatever against a citizen because be is a Methodist, Episcopalian or Catholic—we being of the Baptist faith.

But the difference between one church organization and another, may be a matter of extreme political importance, and we cannot understand how any student conversant with political history can be indifferent to the peculiar hierarchy of the Catholic church.

No other church organization claims and exercises the right to say what books its members shall read; no other church openly takes part in political affairs; no other church sends and receives ambassadors; no other church holds a court at which royal ceremonial is observed, embassies from foreign governments received, and far-reaching questions of international policy debated and decided.

There is not a government of the civilized world at whose capital the Catholic church is not represented by a resident representative. No question of national policy, which may directly or indirectly affect the Catholic church, is decided until the Pope has been heard from.

Throughout the civilized world run the threads of papal diplomacy, and the most prominent feature of recent political progress has been the wonderful success of Catholic statesmanship.

Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, and Austria are as loyally Catholic now as in the days when the Jesuits and the Inquisition met and turned back the Reformation of Huss, Wycliffe, Calvin and Luther.

Not only has the Catholic church held its own ground, but it is invading Protestant territory and stamping out Protestant influence.

We state this without passion and without malice; we state it simply as a remarkable fact which challenges attention.

Protestant Prussia under Bismarck's lead expelled the Jesuits in 1870. The Catholics have patiently struggled to reverse that policy and they have succeeded. The law of expulsion has been repealed, and the Jesuits have re-entered Protestant Prussia.

In Protestant England, the Catholic church is now in power behind the throne. The most powerful members of the aristocracy are devoted Catholics. In social and political influence the cardinals of Rome wield vast power. When Bayard, the U. S. Ambassador, gave his grand feast to the nobility of Great Britain, not a single Protestant divine was invited. Catholic cardinals were there upon equal footing with the Prince of Wales, but no man of God, tainted with the touch of the Reformation, was present.

In Protestant America, the strides of the Catholic church to political power are not less gigantic.

Time and again Congress has bent before that invisible and invincible force. Our politicians are so mortally afraid of angering the priest-led vote of the large cities that they dared not instruct the State of New Mexico to teach the English language in the public schools. The English language would carry with it the English Bible; and the Catholic church did not want any Protestant Bibles in New Mexico. By teaching Spanish in New Mexico, the Catholic church preserves its monopoly; and our cowardly statesmen voted as the priests demanded.

McKinley's cabinet was partly Catholic, and the influence which the Pope exerted during the administration

(through Mr. Odell) is shown by the way in which the War Department hastened to grant to the Catholics a portion of the national domain at West Point. The Catholics asked for some of the government land to build a church on—and they got it. Other denominations outnumbered the Catholics at West Point, but these other denominations have not been able to get any of the national property.

Wherever the Catholic church controls it persecutes. No Protestant can preach or sell Bibles in Spain, Italy, Portugal, South America or even in Cuba, except at the risk of his life.

In the Philippine Islands, not many months ago, the priests tortured some captives in the same manner that millions of Protestants were tortured in the Middle Ages.

The Literary Digest (N. Y.) copied last year an article from a leading Catholic paper in South America in which the Inquisition was eulogized, and the holy work of the rack, the wheel, and the stake, was hysterically praised.

In Canada, within the last few years, the Catholic priests became so enraged at a liberal Catholic newspaper, which opposed the church policy on the school question, that they compelled the local authorities to throw the offending newspaper out of the mails. The government did not dare to punish the priests who had thus violated its laws and destroyed its mail.

In this growth of power in the Catholic church (of which we have given a few instances) it is to be noticed that the radical Catholic is crowding out the liberal Catholic. The extremists are in control, and these extremists have secured the Pope's endorsement to the doctrine that the Protestant religion is not better than no religion at all. The orthodox Catholic doctrine is that Protestantism must be uprooted and cast out as wholly damnable heresy.

What we have stated is truth—plain, unvarnished truth. It seems to us that these things are deserving of serious attention.

Where a church claims and exercises the right to exert political influence, it behooves good citizens to study the history of that church and the tendency of its teachings.

To judge a tree by its fruits is a fair rule. Now that the Catholic church is likely to take such a controlling part in our national affairs, it is well that we should ask ourselves a few questions.

When and where has the Roman Catholic church done anything for the masses of the people—for the sacred cause of freedom of labor, freedom of vote, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, or freedom of conscience?

When has it ever failed to side with enthroned tyranny as against reform—from the days of Philip II., when it burnt one hundred thousand men who dared to think for themselves, down to the day in 1896 when the Pope's blessing was breathed upon the Spanish flag and his prayers went with the troops who were to burn Cuban houses and fields, torture and slay Cuban patriots, insult and outrage Cuban maids and matrons, and make a smoking hell of a country whose people demanded no more than the Catholics of Ireland demanded of Protestant England, and upon far better grounds?

To the very last the Catholic church stood by the institution of slavery, and was the last to give up her slaves. To the very last the Catholic church opposed freedom of conscience and worship. To the very last it opposed the separation of Church and State. To the very last it opposed the general education of the masses, and is today the mortal enemy of the public schools. To the very last it opposed self-government by the people, and is today the staunch defender of the "divine rights of kings."

A very particular reason why the people of this country should be concerned about the startling growth of Catholic power, is that the Catholic church boasts that it never changes. The good Catholic claims today that the Pope is infallible and that all the popes have been true and worthy viceregents of Christ.

He claims that the Protestant is a heretic, and he believes that it would be a mercy to said Protestant to bind him upon a jagged iron wheel, and beat said heresy out of him with a club.

He believes that his priest can pardon sin, and that the money liberally spent in buying prayers can lift the sinner out of hell.

He believes that the wine of the sacrament is the actual body of Christ, and the bread the actual body.

We are all prone to believe that which is constantly said and never denied. The profound policy of the Catholic church is to cut off its converts from the world and keep them from hearing, reading, or thinking anything which might encourage doubt.

The Catholic church wants its converts to have faith—blind, unreasoning faith—in the priest, faith in the church, and faith in the Catholic statement in every case.

To reach this result, the Pope dictates the books which shall be read, what newspapers shall be patronized, and what pictures shall be used.

Pope Leo XIII. has just revised the list of "forbidden books." He says that the new rules on the subject of forbidden books are so mildly formulated that it will be easy for good Catholics to obey the new rules.

What are these new rules which a good Catholic must observe in choosing his reading matter?

1. "All those writings which were prohibited previous to the year 1600, except where special decrees have since made exceptions, are prohibited now."

What books were prohibited previous to the year 1600, and which of those books have been acquitted of blame during the 397 years since 1609?

2. "All books written by apostates, heretics, schismatics," are forbidden.

Away goes your Milton and your Shakespeare, your Burns and your Byron, your Cowper and your Wordsworth, your Tennyson and your Scott! These were all heretics.

Macaulay must not be read, nor Hume, nor Gibbon, nor Hallam, nor Froude, nor Carlyle.

They were all heretics.

The good Catholic must not drink the pure delights of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," nor must he ever hang enraptured over "The Grecian Urn" of Keats, nor must his eye grow dim as he reads Byron's verses to his sister. He must never walk the rich fields of Charles Reade and Charles Dickens—never laugh with Thackeray nor sigh with Hood; never soar with Shelley, dream with Coleridge, nor view the gems of Walter Savage Landor.

All the golden fruit of genius, choicest apples of literature's Gardens of the Hesperides, is fruit forbidden to a good Catholic—for when God lit the lamp of Genius in the minds of those wonderfully-gifted heretics and touched their soul into celestial music, He forgot that the Pope would measure all the mental universe with the contemptible little tape-line of denominational intolerance

To be a good Catholic all the eloquence, wit, wisdom and patriotism of American history is a lost land, for the deadly brand of heresy lays upon the whole of it. Excepting Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and a baker's dozen besides, the whole outfit, from Washington, the Episcopalian, to Jefferson, the infidel, and Thomas Paine, the Deist, were rank heretics, deserving to be burnt.

What sort of intelligence would a

good Catholic have if he should obey the rules which Pope Leo says are so mildly framed?

What sort of knowledge does any man have when he is forbidden to read on both sides of the case?

What better scheme could be devised for putting power into the hands of the priests?

How could a good Catholic ever be anything, mentally, but a child, if he is denied the privilege of reading, thinking, comparing and judging?

But the rules which Pope Leo XIII. has so mildly framed, do not stop here. They forbid the good Catholics to read any book on religion except those written by Catholics. They forbid good Catholics to read any edition of the Bible except the Catholic editions. Books which criticise the Popes, cardinals, priests, church doctrines and usages, are forbidden. The amiable Leo does not wish that his people shall be told a great many things which they ought to know. He wants them to know nothing beyond what the priests see fit to tell them.

No good Catholic must read any book, no other publication, which treats of religious subjects, without submitting said book or publication to the judgment of the priests.

Such rules as these sound strangely out of place in this age of progress and of research.

If a creed is sound, why should it fear investigation?

Conscious error could not possibly show more guilty timidity in screening itself from honest inquiry than the Catholic church displays in these rules which command good Catholics to read no books excepting those which have been inspected, tagged, and branded by the Pope.

Of all the slavery in this world the most degrading is mental and spiritual slavery; and we look upon the huge growth of the Catholic church in political power as an ominous fact, because the natural tendency of its creed is to make the people superstitious, intolerant and priest-ridden.

But while our politicians continue to be cowards, and our Protestant ministers continue to be dupes, Catholic diplomacy will march onward triumphantly, until the day will come when Protestantism will have to fight for dear life in a land which its blind devotees believe is dedicated forever to free speech, free thought, and free worship.

An Explanation of the Non-Appearance of Our Three Serials:

About a month ago, Mr. Watson, much overworked, had a nervous break-down.

This was followed by a severe case of the Grippe.

Consequently, he was unable to make the studies necessary for the serials.

He is now (Dec. 26), practically restored to health, and believes that a few weeks in Florida will effect a complete cure.

The serials will be continued in our next number.

Our Neighbor to the North

Orman T. Headley

A RECENT trip through the Canadian provinces failed to confirm aught of what I had heard, ever since the days I was in college, about annexation of the provinces to the United States. The fact is, Canada has naught of grievance against British royalty, and many things pointed to the fact that the provinces are proud of their relations to the British flag. These relations at any rate are purely nominal, since the English governor-general of Canada has no right, nor even would he think of vetoeing any laws passed by the Canadian government. It is merely a friendship relation, with the security of the British army and navy in case of invasion.

As between American ruggedness and originality, and England's established usage and formal rite, Canada leans to the latter; especially the educated classes have such leanings. The names, too, are British. Toronto and Winnipeg, two leading cities in Canada, have King Edward hotels, the leading hotels of the city; the main streets are Kings and Queens street, and the banks are Royal banks in name. So here is no grievance against British royalty. After all, the liberties secured to you by the Washingtons, Jeffersons and Adamses, say they, we are still ahead of you in the matter of liberty, and as a choice between Britian and the trusts, say they, we prefer Britian.

Yet Canada for all this is in large part an unexplored realm. In the United States, in a large portion of farming territory, the land is no longer suited to wheat raising,and so the wheat products have been steadily rising in recent years. In Canada there is enough virgin soil, that has never been tapped, to supply the whole of Europe in breadstuffs. Just to illustrate a point: Canada exports large quantities of wheat. Had the reciprocity treaty been ratified this wheat could have been shipped into the United States free of duty and breadstuffs would thereby have been cheaper. The same can be said of meats. Much meats are produced in Canada and even wild meats are a considerable item in supplying demands. Even with the duty, considerable wild meats are shipped into the northern States from Northern Canada, where hunters repair in great numbers during the game season.

A new idea in commercial life has dawned upon me in this connection. Every country most seeks to make its imports less than exports. In this way do they measure progress. However, the opposite of this is true in Canada. In recent years Britian has taken alarm at the accumulalation of Canada's debt and during this year has had occasion to warn Canada against this. In reply Canada showed that this was a construction period with her, and that though she had borrowed in Britian during the last seven years $860,000,000, yet in fact it represented no debt, but properties worth immensely more with which this debt could be paid. And so far as I know Canada is the first nation to boast that her imports exceeded her exports.

To quote: Many of our imports create no debt, but increase our capacity for payment. Our imports of settlers' effects for April last were over a million and a half, and for May close on to three million. For the last full fiscal year, which ended with March, 1912, the imports of settlers' effects were over fifteen million dollars, of which more than ten million dollars were from the United States. These imports create no debt, but increase capacity for pay-

ments. Machinery and supplies, not classed as settlers' effects, are imported in large quantities by Americans undertaking farming on a large scale in Western Canada. These increase productive capacity, but create no debts.

So here we have it. Huge imports that create no indebtedness. And Americans are farming in Canada, and about half a million of them crossed over to make permanent homes which is not here mentioned. And it is well to note here that they are not attracted altogether by the fertility of the soil, but are being driven by robber tariffs and trust-controlled governments, high cost of living, etc.

And nothing, too, unusual is it for a young American to go into Canada with practically no capital and win an independent fortune in only a few years of time. The fact is, development of pioneer regions have been almost an abnormal growth. Canada abounds in lakes and fresh water courses, and these lakes abound in fish in superlative quantities. Beside a lake in some new region a few fishermen will gather and erect a few huts. From this they will clear off a spot of ground and cultivate a garden. Within ten years surrounding this lake will be a prosperous community with comfortable houses, the owners on their way to real wealth.

The seasons are short, the winters are severe, but nature performs its wonders in vegetable growth in a remarkably short period of time. Thus during the open season a huge crop of wheat can be raised, and during the winter season some lumber is made from the standing trees, for which Canada is noted.

It is remarkable how so far Canadian institutions have been free from trust control. Canadians are alert and are trying to avert the crisis which the States have experienced to their sorrow. Just now they are alarmed at the fact that the American trusts poured money into Canada to defeat the reciprocity pact, and it is felt now to be a certainty by a very great number of intelligent Canadians that the pact could be ratified, if it were submitted, now that the reaction has set in. The representative Canadian does desire a closer trade relations with the States. And still another thing can be said of the Canadians. They go at any obstruction with an intelligent vim not witnessed anywhere else, and certainly not here in the States. For instance, that Taft-Ballinger whitewash could never have occurred in Canada, not to say many more disreputable treaties made and enforced during the Taftian administration. Another still, is seen in the fact that the great municipalities in Canada do everything in their power to lessen the burden of the laboring class. Investigations are made by municipalities into living conditions of the poor, not for purposes of whitewash, but to remedy, if may be, the conditions causing hardship.

Recently the authorities in Toronto, Ontario, appointed a commission to investigate the high cost of living. Instead of appointing a commission of wily and artful politicians, they appointed a committee representing the best citizenship of the city and headed by Prof. M. A. MacKinzie, of Toronto University. This commission made a report very unlike the one rendered by a like commission in the United States congress. Because it appeals to us as an honest report, we will here summarize those causes which lead to high cost of living in Toronto.

(1). Increase of production of gold; (2) War expenditures. (3) Migration to the city. (4) Duties on foodstuffs which have to be paid by the consumer. (5) Elimination of competition. (6) Poor shipping facilities, for which railroads are to blame. (7) Absence of parcels post, which nearly all of Europe enjoys. (8) High rents.

We are minded here to quote extensively from this report so as to give a

clear idea in detail, but space forbids. However, just a few words taken from report on tariff on foodstuffs.

"One cause operating in Canada as a whole which permits foodstuffs to be higher in Canadian cities than in London is the tax levied on imports of food from abroad and paid of course by the Canadian consumer. This tax, intended to protect the farmer in times of Canadian scarcity and to be inoperative in times of Canadian plenty, has really led to the control of all foodstuffs by a small group of men, who seek to control prices on all these commodities," etc. Reads very different, you see, from our report on the high cost of living by committees appointed to shield the real reason. The States may be coming, but one can readily see why Canada is not really anxious yet to become a part of the territory of the trusts.

A Poem by Richard Realf

IN the life-history of the ill-fated Richard Realf (1834-1878) there are many incidents that recall the careers of Ben Johnson, Richard Lovelace, Sir Philip Sidney, and other poets of the olden time, whose hands were as familiar with swords as with pens. A modern knight-errant, Realf was as erratic as the old Knights errant usually were. As a writer, he possessed exceptional talent, and as a soldier he won the respect of all who witnessed his steady rise from the ranks to a captaincy. But, like many another good man before him, he allowed pretty faces to lure him from path to path until he found himself wandering in a haunted forest. He loved too often, and he loved neither wisely nor well. The end came when, pursued by a woman whom he had attempted to divorce, he took poison and died in a hotel in Oakland, California. The poem which is reprinted herewith was found on a table in his room.

Richard Realf was born in England. When he was fifteen years old he wrote verses that attracted the attention of Lady Byron, the wife of the famous poet. This lady, her daughter Ada, Mrs. Jameson, and Miss Mitford became his patronesses, and in 1852 they published a volume of his poems, under the title "Guesses at the Beautiful."

In 1854 Realf came to the United States. Shortly afterward he became acquainted with John Brown, into whose project for freeing the slaves he entered heart and soul, with the result that Brown made him one of his principal lieutenants. He served with distinction in an Illinois regiment in the Civil War. When the war was over he devoted himself to journalism, but eventually domestic troubles caused his life to be little better than that of a fugitive. Though he was the author of many poems of rare beauty, it was not until 1898 that all of them were collected and published.

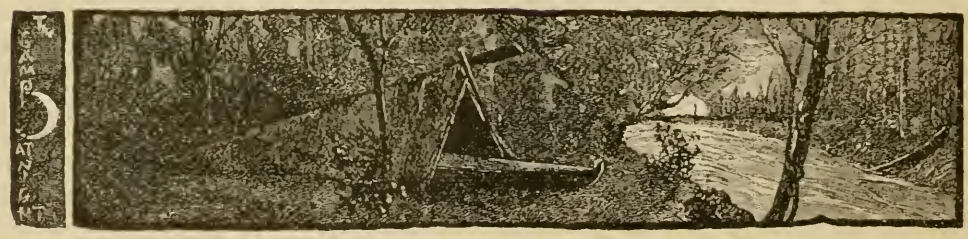
Richard Realf.

"*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" When
For me this end has come and I am dead,
And the little voluble, chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth:
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.

Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song,
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for liberty, till his own wound
(He had been stabbed), concealed with painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him, and he swooned,
And sank there where you see him lying now
With the word "Failure" written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honors, and world's plaudits, and the wage
Of the world's deft lacqueys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing—and a burthen lay
Mightily on him, and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to the day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame,
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
And benedictions from black pits of shame,
And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With big films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered; greatly, too, he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait till Freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;
He smote for her when God Himself seemed dumb
And all His arching skies were in eclipse.
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.



Sancho Mitarra

John Hurd, Jr.

SOME years ago I passed my summer vacation in the north of Spain, studying the battle-grounds of the last Carlist war. Sketching and collecting notes, I loitered about the picturesque towns which, by the loss of their ancient charters, had paid so high a price for their loyalty to Don Carlos, until eventually I reached Irun, where I remained a week. During the day-time the large, low-studded eating-room of the inn was entirely deserted, but towards evening quite a number of men were in the habit of dropping in singly or in groups, and a few minutes later the noise became deafening. Among these guests I noticed especially a fine-looking, rather silent person, who, to judge from the deference with which the others treated him, must have been a local celebrity. His face was apparently cut in two by an irregular scar, rather frightful to look at until he smiled, when the ugly purplish lines seemed to disappear in the wrinkles about his mouth. I was anxious to get a good sketch of him, but succeeded only after many unsatisfactory attempts, and I was about to close my book when a young man who had been looking over my shoulder exclaimed:

"Ah, Senor, what would I not give for that portrait!"

"Caballero," I answered, "it is yours; and I esteem the compliment of your request so far above the value of the drawing that you must allow me to consider myself your debtor." My real pay lay in the pleasure this answer gave me, and I felt kindly towards the man who had afforded me an opportunity of making such orthodox use of my Spanish.

So we fell into conversation, and before leaving he handed me his card, on which I read the name Simon Munoz, and below, in brackets, the word *poeta*. He was assistant editor of the local paper, knew everybody, and seemed astonished when, having told me the name of the man with the scar, I asked further about him. "Is it possible," he said, "that you have not heard of Sancho Mitarra? In that case, sir, you must allow me to offer you a little sketch which I have written about him, in exchange for the portrait which you so generously gave me."

The next morning the manuscript was brought up to my room with my chocolate, and as a heavy rain confined me to the house, I translated it into English. It was as follows:

I.

Over a thousand years ago, or, to be more pedantic, A. D. 872, the Gascons, being unable to obtain a consul from France and unwilling to elect one at home, sent over into Castile for Sancho Garcia, called Sancho Mitarra, or the Terrible. As king of Pampeluna and Navarre he ruled over them for nearly forty years, gaining great renown not only as a brave Christian soldier in his wars against the Moors, but as a wise and strong-handed ruler at home. From this good king Sancho Mitarra the brass-founder of Irun is directly descended, as it were easy to prove by the old chronicles of Navarre; but as he is a Republican principle, it gives him less pleasure to reflect upon the distinction of his ancestors than upon the sturdiness of a family that has endured a thousand years without a break.

Indeed, as for his being descended from a king, it seems difficult to under-

stand how it could be otherwise. For, supposing that Sancho had been the only one in Spain thirty generations ago, and that each of his descendants had produced but two children, a simple calculation shows that there should be one thousand and seventy-three odd millions of these descendants in the world today. Now, as the population of Spain is less than twenty millions, every inhabitant must have some fifty-three or more claims to royal ancestry —a fact which might in some cases account for the list of titles borne by our more modest grandees of the first class.

It is equally indisputable that no fortune, however great, could bear subdivision on such a magnificent scale; hence the poverty, shared by Sancho's father with so many other distant members of the royal family, seems reasonable enough. This worthy citizen was by trade a fisherman, part owner and captain of the *Guerendiain*, a stanch but ugly vessel belonging to the Basque cod fleet. His house was in the oldest quarter of the town behind the church, and in the dirty kitchen, redolent of the mingled perfumes of tar, garlic, and tobacco-smoke, old Mitarra told strangely incredible tales of the "Americas" beyond the sea. The priest, the postmaster, the captain of the customs, and a couple of retired smugglers were wont to meet there at all hours of the day when the old man was at home, but usually only after the evening *puchero*,* when the family was alone.

Among these good people Sancho grew up, though it can hardly be said that he developed, until, about the time he was twelve years old, the quiet town was thrown into a state of consternation by the news that the whole fleet had been lost off the Banks. The sailor had left but little money—indeed barely enough to support his widow; and thus Sancho had to give up tossing knives and playing ball for the less gentlemanly but more practical employment of blowing the bellows in his uncle's smithy, which enabled him to contribute towards the family expenses. If it be argued that his appetite was altogether out of proportion to his contributions, it were but right to give him credit for a cheerful disposition, a coaxing laugh which compelled sympathy, and a merry wit, always at the service of the household. And whoever has lived on meager fare and in the shadow of sorrow will testify that a merry company around the pot makes as good a sauce as hunger.

Matters went on smoothly for a few years following the old fisherman's disappearance, and indeed up to the date of Sancho's sixteenth birthday, when coming of age suddenly, as it is the custom for kings and possibly for their descendants to do, the ambition of conquest began to disturb his dreams. He renounced the hammer and anvil as being inconsistent with the pursuit of glory, and having successively exacted tribute from the sea in the shape of fish and from the mountains in the shape of game, he finally joined the brotherhood of the *contrabandistas*, among whom he made not a little money. During the periodical intervals of rest that followed each expedition he fell in love with a beautiful, poor, but haughty girl, Elvira Almalta of Ragosa, whom he besought to become his wife. But dazzled by the brilliant life of the great bull-fighters whom she had often admired, the girl had long before vowed to marry no man who had not acquired renown in the arena—the renown most dear to Spanish hearts,—and Sancho then and there resolved that Spain should ring again with the glory of Mitarra. He had succeeded with so little effort in everything that he had hitherto undertaken, that the new problem before him neither awed

*Species of boiled meat with vegetables.

nor troubled him; and with his characteristic impetuosity he prepared to leave on the morrow for Pampeluna, where the great Lagartijo was at home. The postmaster gave him some sound advice; the priest his blessing and an antique drawing, representing bull-fighters attending mass before the *corrida;* while Elvira gave him her promise (conditionally) and a kiss. With these presents, and an immense fund of confidence in his own resources, Sancho started on his apprenticeship.

For more than a year nothing was heard from the young man directly. Under an assumed name he appeared in several minor bull-fights in remote provincial towns, and there he probably acquitted himself so well as to compel the notice of the great Frascuelo; for when the now-famous corrida of the 9th of August was advertised throughout the country, Elvira's toreador-errant was announced on the play-bills under his own name of Sancho Mitarra.

II.

It is a gala day. A great lady, the greatest in the land, has brought her infant son to witness his first bull-fight and learn early in life to accept the tribute of blood shed in his honor. Cloth of gold and crimson-velvet hang in heavy folds from the front of the governor's gallery, and glorious silken banners, embroidered with the royal arms, flap lazily on each side of the wooden box which a poet-laureate might mistake for a throne. Gorgeous uniforms mingled with dazzling costumes make a background fit for a king's portrait, and to right and left, as far as the shade tempers the heat of the summer afternoon, the magnificent fancy of old Spain shines forth once again after years of courteous oblivion. The stage setting seems perfect. The play that is to be enacted belongs to the repertory of a forgotten, so-called barbarous age, and the audience has arrayed itself accordingly; perhaps as an apology for its presence, perhaps to bear out the illusion of a revival, perhaps merely because its gold and crimson harmonizes with the gold of the sunlight on the yellow sand, and the crimson of the blood that is to flow.

Facing the picturesque wisdom of the realm, that shines in dignified magnificence on the shady side of the circus, the picturesque and ragged populace, brilliant only by its apt wit, undulates impatiently beneath the glaring sun—Don Quixote and Sancho Panza types of a past age, if you will, but also types of modern Spain, no more obsolete than the bloody game which both await.

In the dazzling arena below, a fife-and-drum band walks solemnly round and round heedless of well-aimed oranges or equally well-pointed gibes. In the droning buzz of ten thousand talking people the rumble of the drums is completely lost, and the thin, clear, querulous notes of the pipers sound ridiculously weak and unsuited to the occasion—a discord which establishes the reality of the scene, destroying the illusion of a perfect stage performance, but investing it with the keen interest of an event in real life. All along the corridor that surrounds the arena, separating the *valla* from the wall above which the public is seated, the privileged amateurs are eagerly discussing the chances of the fight, prophesying the behavior of each bull, and betting on the number of passes before the final stroke. The cornet of the band blows a preliminary blast and the music bursts forth; the ring is hurriedly cleared, and in two lines the *cuadrilla* make their entrance, to right and left. For a brief moment the chattering of the audience ceases, and in the partial silence each toreador, preceded by his

shadow, gravely struts across the sand to his appointed place. An *alguazil*, dressed in black velvet, gallops in at the head of a short mounted procession and urges his chestnut horse to rear, while the crowd jeers at him for his theatrical prowess. The key of the *toril* gleams for a moment in the air and disappears in the horseman's pointed felt hat. A clatter and a scurry—a few taunting cries—a clashing of the closing gates—and the formalities of the overture are over.

Before a battle, before a duel, or before a bull-fight there is always one moment of silent *recuillement* during which the contestants, veterans or raw recruits, instinctively weigh the chances. God only knows the issue, and during this last respite man realizes the possibility of the immediate future. Even the *espada*, Frascuelo, Lagartijo, or Mazantini, acknowledges to himself that there is a certain solemnity in this gambling with death; before the public he drapes his gorgeous *capa* about him in pretty folds; secretly he crosses himself, and the public, whose wonderful intuition justifies the saying *vox populi, vox Dei*, appreciates the hidden anxiety without heeding the ostentatious affected indifference.

Vaya! The gate is open, the suspense is over. The angry animal dashes in furiously,—smooth-limbed, deep-chested, superbly strong and defiant,—and the multitude heaves a sigh of relief. The duel is begun. Fifteen weak, intelligent, skillful animals dressed in gold and silver and silk against a single one in sombre satin—a large, lithe-flanked monster ignorant of its might and confident in its ignorance.

Among the *chulos* facing the bull Sancho stands in green and gold. It is his first appearance before a picked audience, and he feels nervous, yet confident of distinguishing himself if only the opportunity offers. In the farthest box on the shady side he recognizes his mother and Elvira in the front row; behind them the postmaster, the collector of customs, and, unless he is much mistaken, his old friend the priest, nodding at him from behind Elvira's fan. But he has no leisure now to look up at them, for the bull is near him. He throws out his mantle, the animal charges, misses, and passes on, while the handsome boy, avoiding the thrust of the long, polished horns, stands draped in the gaudy silk. He has barely moved, and the crowd cries, "Well done!" but forgets him again as the bull charges the nearest *picador*, raising steed and rider from the ground.

As the play proceeds the excitement grows, and the bull-fighters, spurred on by the despotic fancy of the public, vie with one another in daring and skill. Poor Sancho, alas, is doomed to disappointment. He handles his capa perfectly; plants his *banderillas* gracefully, correctly, fearlessly, yet not more so than the others in the ring. With them he receives a passing tribute of applause; but as one bull after another is goaded into fury, and finally backed up against the fence to be killed, the great espada alone earns the wildly enthusiastic approbation of the audience. Sancho realizes that he is yet a novice and that fame is not for the obscure; he feels that he could kill the bull as gracefully as the great man upon whom all honors and presents are showered; but he must bide his time and rise upon the ladder of renown rung by rung. What he has done was well done, but it is nothing that will be remembered. In the morrow's papers his name will appear only as one of the cuadrilla; the criticism of the connoisseurs will not condescend to notice him, and Elvira will still answer, "Not yet." Five bulls have been dispatched, but one remains; and Opportunity with her short front hair has placed only the bald part of

her cranium within his reach. Like all men of a sanguine temper, he is easily depressed; and as the doors of the toril open for the entrance of the sixth bull, Sancho has well-nigh lost all hope and interest in the game.

The bull is small, dark robed, well armed, and bears the brand of Veragua: in a few bounds he reaches the center of the arena and pauses to look around. The glaring light after the darkness of his cage, the noisy clamoring of ten thousand excited spectators, and these two-legged moving things in gaudy colors, the like of which he has never seen before, arouse his curiosity and astonish him. By the nervous twitching of his tail and the quick, sharp movements of his head it is evident that he is no "coward." The toreadores instinctively recognize him for an exceedingly dangerous adversary, and so it is with more than ordinary prudence that they spread their capas before him and run away. But all this fails to move him: slowly and steadily he advances, looking at the man, not at the rag. Now it is Sancho's turn. The bull throws up his head, stops, then plunges forward with such lightning-like rapidity that the boy feels it is too late to run. The long, smooth horns are already on each side of him; and, scarcely realizing what he is doing, Sancho leaps forward upon the animal's back, and a second later to the ground. How they applaud, how they yell! But he has no time to think, for the bull is coming at him again, heedless of the others who seek to intercept him, and now Sancho knows that the animal has singled him out and that the fight is merely a duel between them. The case is rare, but he has heard of such; the danger is great, but he is not afraid; the chances of his escaping unscathed are few, but he feels confident and happy, for at last his opportunity has come. He flings away his useless capa and turns to run, not towards the refuge, the *burladero*, but straight towards the center of the arena, while the older men shake their heads: a clever bull and a rash youth, there is but one ending to that tale, and a sad one at best. The spectators are beginning to understand, and hold their breath. During the race across the sand not a sound is heard in the vast amphitheater, but the men lean forward and the women hold their fans up to their faces ready to shut out the sight. Suddenly, in the very center of the arena, Sancho turns, stands, and stretches out one hand with a commanding gesture, and the bull, hesitant and startled, stops dead in his wild rush onward, and, stemmed on his outstretched forelegs, gazes in amazement at the slim figure that defies him. Ha! what a glorious group! Strength, grace, beauty, courage, and such movement, suddenly fixed as though in bronze! And now it is gone, as the first low growl of admiration bursts into a thunder of the wildest, most frantic applause. The ten thousand spectators rise as one man to their feet: the "sun" and the "shade" are equally carried away by emotion, and the most dignified grandees re-echo the very cries of the masses. Even the cuadrilla forgets itself, and the bull, bewildered by the extraordinary clamor, wheels about and dashes at the nearest picador, hurling man and horse against the tablas in his mad onslaught. He has killed them both, but what is that to him or to the crowd! As he turns he still sees before him the thing in green and gold, and the next moment the sharp-pronged banderillas are quivering in his flesh.

"*La silla! la silla!*"* yells the

*The torero sits in a chair (silla) and awaits the bull's charge; he holds the banderillas (sharp-pronged darts with barbed points) before him and in a sitting posture plants them in the bull's shoulder, a most dangerous feat. Nearly all who attempt it rise before the bull is near them.

crowd. Its kindly sympathy for the skillful boy has made room for a less generous curiosity. Sancho has proved himself to be a master, now let him show what he can do. If he has in him the elements of a great bull-fighter let him be tested. It is cruel to demand "la silla" with such a bull, but Sancho now belongs to the public, and an excited, bloodthirsty crowd knows neither sympathy nor sentimentality. If he succeeds, the greater be his honor; if he fails—well, then, he should not have led them to suppose him greater than he was. In this moment of over-excitement the injustice, the cruel selfishness of the argument, are lost even on Sancho, intoxicated with applause and suddenly earned success; even on his mother, too Spanish to think of danger when her son is offered an opportunity for distinction; and even on Elvira, whose lover is now surpassing the ideal torero of her dreams.

Again, as Sancho takes his seat facing the bull, a solemn hush prevails, and the silence seems to be more impressive for the clamor that preceded. The older bull-fighters, with their capas unfolded, stand ready for an emergency. He raises his arms and poises the sharp-pronged darts; a dash, a plunge, a few half-smothered cries, and the chair flies upward through the air to alight forty feet away, while Sancho seems to be standing on the very spot he occupied before the charge. The green and gold ribbons dangling from the bull's neck alone show how sure was the boy's aim and how steady his hand. A murmur of incredulity, more flattering than the deafening tumult that follows, sweeps over the benches, and hats, fans, jewels, and cigars rain down into the ring. All restraint seems loosened; all timidity gone from the most timid; young girls, with flushed faces and flashing eyes, laugh hysterically and call out the hero's name. Even the haughty Elvira rises, unclasps her bracelet, and leaning forward with a cry that tells Sancho how real is his dream, she flings the token far out on the sand, where, heedless of all danger, the boy kneels and kisses the precious gift; for by this sign he knows that she has yielded.

Once more he miraculously avoids the bull, who charges at him from behind, and panting, exhausted, but inexpressibly happy, he leans against the *valla*, listening absent-mindedly to the compliments showered upon him. His part in the performance is over, for the cowed animal now sullenly faces his tormentors on the spot where he has chosen to die, and the espada is advancing, sword in hand, to give him the *coup de grace*. But, to the surprise of all, he passes by the bull, and taking Sancho by the hand he offers him the muleta. One bull more or less is of little importance to his glory, and should this boy become a great man he will remember his master's kindness gratefully; if, on the other hand, the future does not justify the day's promise, the bravos of the crowd that applaud his generosity are as pleasing to him now as had they been delayed a minute to applaud his skill.

And now the parts are reversed. The man attacks, the bull defends himself; he is weary with the gigantic efforts of the last half-hour, weary with loss of blood, weary of attacking an ever-vanishing foe. Sullenly, with lowered head and watchful eyes, he follows the undulating motion of the red rag before him and listlessly attemps to reach it with his horns. A sharp prick on the nose once more rouses his rage; for the last time he charges; the long, flexible blade is buried in his flesh, and as his strength flows away with his life's blood the brave beast slowly kneels before his conqueror. The day is done, and Sancho turns to offer the bull to his lady, thus moving a step nearer to his

fallen foe—dying, but alas, not dead. In his impatient joy he has forgotten that the last moment before death is the most dangerous of the fight. Even as he raises his hand towards Elvira's box he is hurled to the ground, and as the two heroic animals sink quivering together on the sand, a mighty, passionate roar bursts from the fickle multitude: "*Toro, toro! Bravo, toro!*"

III.

For many months Sancho was confined to his bed unable to move, for, besides the great gash across his face, he had received two deep and dangerous wounds, and during this long time both Elvira and his friends were constantly at his bedside. It was then that he read "Don Quixote," a work which made such an impression upon his mind that to this day you will rarely meet him without a volume in his pocket, though he knows the greater part of it by heart. Nor is it doubtful that he then acquired the philosophy of contentment which is such a noticeable trait in his character, as well as his love for good Spanish literature, of which his knowledge is extraordinary in a man of his schooling.

When he had recovered sufficiently, he was married in the old church by the house, and the wedding was an occasion for great rejoicing in Irun. Many members of the cuadrilla, as one of which Sancho's name had become known throughout the length and breadth of Spain, were present at the banquet following the ceremony, and which was offered by the town. Old Salazar, as a representative of the profession, made an elaborate speech in which he said, that having begun his career in so brilliant a fashion, it was Sancho Mitarra's duty to continue and become, as he naturally must, the greatest torero the world had ever seen. Certainly no man, Pepe Hillo and el Tato included, had done more in a single day than had Sancho Mitarra, whom he was proud to call his friend, and whom as an older man he felt authorized to question about his future plans.

"Friends," answered the bridegroom, as he laid his hand on Elvira's head, "I went into the arena not to fight bulls, but to satisfy the lady of my heart; and now, 'as we have loaves, let us not go looking for cakes.' Glory is a fine thing, no doubt, but we cannot leave it to our children. Like truth, it lies at the bottom of a deep well; and, as the proverb says, 'The pitcher that goes often to the well is sure to lose either handle or spout,' a proof of which I shall carry on my face until the curate can do me more good than the baker. As for riches, 'four yards of Cuenca frieze are warmer than four of Segovia broadcloth,' and while counting the cobwebs on the ceiling I figured that I could earn the frieze more surely in a modest shop than the broadcloth in the amphitheater. Thus, friends, let no man be disappointed in my resolution to become a brass-founder, for every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."

Which accounts for Sancho's wearing a blouse instead of a gold-embroidered jacket.

Romanism in Mexico

C. G. Beutelspacher
(In The Liberator)

IN the "Daily," published in the city of Mexico, appeared a rare article about the condition of Mexico fifty years ago and is repeated in the present time somewhat. Fifty years ago you could observe in Mexico a very strange thing, a curious phenomenon, which consisted in that while the public treasury was empty and never could meet the appropriations for the public service: public instruction and national communication in the maintenence of highways and railroads was at its lowest level and most limited in its spheres: industries languishing, the treasury of the Roman clergy, both regular and secular, was filled and overflowing with its millions of gold. Public officers did not receive their full pay and everywhere employees in the national service were suppressed, and with all the economy exercised, they never had a supersaliency, and the financial situation was of the most pressing need for lack of funds in the national treasury. Whereas, the Roman clergy had a yearly income of nine million, two hundred thousand dollars. From their real estate they had a product of another nine million, three hundred thousand dollars; moreover from baptisms, marriages and funerals, the income came up to ten million, two hundred thousand dollars. Besides these resources, which were the surest, the Mexican clergy counted on other resources, such as masses, sermons and responses in their religious festivities, religious anniversaries, contributions of church bells, rights of pious works and Holy places, masses for the departed souls, alms, sales of religious trinkets, relics, etc. The real estate of the clergy of the City of Mexico represented a capital of eighteen million dollars, which produced them five million, twelve thousand dollars yearly income. Over a hundred different orders, convents, hospitals and institutions of religious instruction owned 1560 large tracts of land and houses, spread over the different parts of the City of Mexico, besides donations and legacies of rich widows and spinsters. A prominent American who lived in Queretaro three years told me that a Roman Catholic lady of his acquaintance gave him a list of over 2,700 priests in Queretaro alone, saying "that is what the City of Queretaro maintains."

No wonder the clergy here is fighting hard and fast the liberal party, and to intimidate the people have put advertisements on all the corners of the streets of a book called "Liberalism is Sin." (Whereas it ought to say by all means and in truth, "Romanism is Sin.") The Roman clergy recommending to the people the reading of this book and to beware of "Liberalism."

In my last article to *The Liberator* I gave a short extract of a book written by a Mexican Liberate and now I will quote another part of his writing:

"El Catholicism is the antithesis of Christianity" (page 48). "Behold people: be ye the judge, while we formulate the accusation against those gentlemen. We say, In the negative circle of Catholics is heaped up all the crimes of high treason against civilization and we will prove it by facts:

"First. Catholicism violates the law of Fecundity and Life by imposing a vote of so-called Chastity, from which come abominable and filthy crimes. The today well known history of the convents, have revealed to us that in their midst are committed the most abominable crimes, the infanticide; great

amounts of skeletons have been found of recent born children in what were former convents of nuns. On the other side, in the convents of priests the filthy crime against nature is a common thing. With such abominable facts, there are taken away from the State a large proportion of loving tender mothers, which forming a Christian home, would give healthy sons to the country.

"Second. Catholicism violates the most sacred of rights which the human spirit can conquer by repeated revolutions, by heroic struggles; that is, the free thought. The priest chains this thought, frightening the souls of the believers with the pains of hell.

"Third. Catholicism robs the State, in exercising pressure over the conscience of believers, by withdrawing from the national riches the tithe and with threats of eternal condemnation, they rob the dying of their goods, damaging the widows and orphans in their heritage.

"Fourth. Catholicism kills and soon after offers responses for the souls of their victims. The same priest whose hand is still red with the blood of his victim tormented in the dungeon of the inquisition, will take the host to eat God, in the holy sacrifice of the mass.

"Fifth. Catholicism always has proved in their priests and practices to have a lower level of morals than the laymen. We can't extend ourselves here over the black history of the Roman Popes, such as Juan XXII., Innocent III., etc. The Knights of the Crusade asked the Legate Milo and the Abbot Arnold, as chiefs of the army, how they should treat the inhabitants, of which a great part were Roman Catholics, and which could not be distinguished easy from the heretics. They answered, 'Kill the whole world and the Lord will know his own,' and a horrible butchery commenced such as the world never had seen before.

"Sixth. Catholicism has always been below the intellectual level reached by humanity, and therefore has always condemned all progress in science and philosophy, and is always the last to acknowledge the conquest of free thought. But enough of proofs, in what has been said it is sufficient for the Supreme Tribunal of the people to give their sentence. Well now, having demonstrated the synthesis of negation, which exists in the Catholic circle, and when their members say without any scruples and impudent that they carry in their conscience their rebelliousness against the law and with their hypocritic lips pronounce protests of their mission, when this happens will it be you? Oh, people, which will vote for a Roman Catholic in your elections? Some will say, That in the Parliaments of the foreign nations are a mixed class of all kinds of elements. Yes, also unfortunate Spain suffers still the suffocating rope which unites the State with the Church, and for this should we undo what's done and return to put upon us this rope? If a good father of a family sees another admit into his home public women and thieves, should he imitate such a one?

"The groups which integreate the public powers should be of the most selected of the social group, by men of elevated and ripe spirits, so this group, taking advantage of the printed lessons offered by the life of nations past and present, know how to guard and make the laws which give warranty to the people and the social whole and to restrain the passionate actions which are hurtful to the Constitution."

So far I have quoted from the writer, and there are a good many who see the evil of Romanism in their country. The Liberal party sustains a little semi-monthly sheet by the classic name of "*The Frigid Night Cap*," where they

attack the nefarious doings of the Catholic circle and defend themselves against their false attacks, so the leaven is at work even here in this Catholic city.

The revolution is about dying out, we hope soon, since Orozco is played out and dangerously sick, hidden away in the mountains in the north, so the government can put more troops against Tapata in the southern part of Mexico and still be quite strong.

Still the daily papers give brilliant accounts of Mr. Wilson, the newly elected President, and augur much good for the Mexican Republic. So may it be, and all hands on board will be glad.

Elastic Currency Delusion

Albert Griffin
(Written in 1906)

FOR some time it has been evident to thinkers, that a revolution of incalculable importance is impending. The exact shape it will take, and how soon it will culminate, have not been so clear, but the writing on the wall is made more decipherable every day by the character of the men who are coming into the lead.

The most conspicuous person in the world, at this time, is Theodore Roosevelt, and his pre-eminence is due mainly to the ability, steadiness and courage with which he has stood for and advocated "square dealing," and the "betterment of human conditions."

The influence which ethical characteristics have exercised in placing this Republican where he is are essentially the same as those that have made William J. Bryan, Thomas E. Watson and Eugene V. Debs the most popular and influential leaders in their respective parties, and that are enabling Governors La Follette, Folk and Hanley, Mayors Johnson and Weaver, and others of the Jerome and Colby stamp, to lead their followers toward the goal of Equal Opportunities for All, Special Privileges for None.

Sixty years ago it was an awakening conscience that made it possible for the great and good men of that day to organize an irresistible party against the aggressive slave-ocracy. Its first proposed step was a very moderate one, but the constantly strengthening moral sentiment would not permit the movement to stop until the last slave had been freed.

In like manner the present agitation for the restriction of graft and unbridled greed cannot cease until the axe reaches the root of the tree. The enemies of slavery proceeded along the lines of least resistance that promised the quickest and most important results. The enemies of graft and greed should pursue the same course.

Every year ethical considerations control the public actions of an increasing number of people. Even Senator Ingalls would not now say "Honesty in politics is an irridescent dream." And the most encouraging fact about existing conditions is that the leaders of parties are so generally right-minded men.

During the last eight years the concentration of wealth into the hands of a few unscrupulous financial cormorants has proceeded with phenomenal rapidity. The people are justly

alarmed, but, unfortunately, the President and many others who ought to know better are giving the most of their attention to a problem—transportation—which is one of the most many-sided and difficult of all to settle and *will require the longest time.*

They are doing this in spite of the fact that most of those whose lives have been devoted to the study of the economic needs of mankind agree that the "Money Power" is the taproot of plutocracy *and transcends all others in importance:* that, fortunately, it is the question that can be settled the most easily, in the shortest time, with the largest amount of benefit to the people, and with the least hardship to individuals.

Our present monetary system has no defenders. Both sides demand a change. Economic reformers wish them made in the interest of the whole people, and the Money Power demands increased privileges for itself. The essential difference is that the first set wishes *the Government* to issue all of the money, and enough of it, while the second insist that the whole matter shall practically be turned over to *the banks*, with the Government as *endorser* for them. Between these contending elements are the majority of the people who confessedly do not understand the subject. Supposing that "bankers must know all about money," they, however, appear inclined to allow them to "increase the quantity of money when it is scarce and decrease it when it becomes too abundant."

Banker Shaw, who is President Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury, advocates allowing the banks to expand the currency in times of stress by secretly issuing "emergency currency," and Banker Ridgely, his Comptroller of the Currency, wishes to make contraction still easier by repealing the law which restricts the cancellation of bank notes to $3,000,000, a month. And there is little doubt that the attempt will be made to do both.

Without discussing "elasticity" academically, I propose only to state a few irrefutable propositions which show that fluctuating *conditions* are the inevitable effect of a fluctuating *currency*, and then to uncover some very important facts which have hitherto been carefully kept from the knowledge of the public, which make it clear that our present monetary system is already ruinously elastic and that the quantity of *good* money needs to *increase* constantly and should never be *decreased* a dollar.

It is admittedly impossible to do business without a medium of exchange of some kind, and, by common consent, the medium of exchange is called "money." They are, in fact, synonymous terms; and the "best" money, or medium of exchange, is that where exchange varies the least.

Always and everywhere when any kind of money that is willingly accepted is comparatively abundant, times are said to be good, and whenever it is less abundant, the reverse is the case. There has never been a time in this or any other country when there was enough admittedly good money to enable the people to do even nearly all of the business they would have liked to transact. And this is the reason why more or less "poor money" has always been tolerated.

Under normal conditions the aggregate volume of money has never been contracted anywhere without enriching the few at the expense of the many. Therefore, even poor money should be retired only so fast as better money can be substituted for it—*a sufficient quantity of money being even more important than its quality.* The public welfare requires a supply of money sufficient to enable *all* the people to be busy, and that much can, and should be, provided.

A fluctuating currency inevitably causes fluctuations in business and gives dangerous power to those who can cause these fluctuations.

And yet, as evident as the foregoing facts are, even President Roosevelt, in his late message, recommends an "elastic" currency which, if it means anything, must mean a *fluctuating* currency. Evidently, the President has never made an unbiased study of monetary science. He seems to be merely echoing the ideas—probably imbibed at college—of those who for centuries have mystified and misled the people as to the nature and function of money.

Our monetary system is already so elastic that bankers can, and do, frequently make the money market so "easy" that speculation becomes rampant and values rise, and then suddenly make it so "tight" that they fall even more rapidly than they rose. Naturally, the more violent the fluctuations the greater the profits made by the bankers who manipulate them, and it is, therefore, not surprising that they desire still greater "elasticity." But it is amazing that, with so level a head as usually rests on his shoulders, the President should give them his support. He certainly could not have done this had he understood the full significance of some of the facts just submitted to Congress by the Treasury Department, which, it must be admitted, are put in such form that they are invisible to ninety-nine per cent. of the people. I will, therefore, dig out a few and so arrange them that all can see what they really are.

The "Circulation Statement" for December 1, 1905, puts the "general stock of money in the United States" at $2,976,402,142, and the "circulation per capita" at $31.75. This is *real* money —money that can be seen and handled. But the Comptroller's Report for 1905 shows that the *unreal* money then being used by the banks was $7,272,165,332, or $86.91 per capita. The two kinds amount to $10,248,567,474 *and the per capita to* $118.66. And yet, as is well known, money has long been so scarce that business men have lived in constant fear of a panic.

The volume of real money is admittedly merely estimated and the Treasury figures are probably twenty per cent too high. But, while its volume is greatly *over*stated, that of hocus pocus money is *under*stated. Many bank reports do not tell the whole truth, some make false reports, and thousands make no reports at all. It is, therefore, safe to assume that considerably more than three-fourths of the "medium of exchange" in actual use is hocus pocus money.

This kind of money is the most unsubstantial ever known. It is intangible, for it consists only of authority given by bankers to those from whom they have purchased property to draw checks upon them for money which both parties know has absolutely no existence, but which, nevertheless, is gladly received by everybody as money; is recognized by the courts as money; has exactly the same effect on prices, values and business that real money has, and, in fact, does everything that money does and has no value whatever for any other purpose.

A startling fact about hocus pocus money is the rapidity with which its volume has increased since 1896. Between 1890 and 1896 it increased a little more than $46,000,000 a year; but since that time it has increased $551,832,938 per annum. Last year it reached the enormous sum of $1,043,706,449—while the reported increase of real money was only $88,246,172. That is, the unreal money increased twelve times as much as the real and, unfortunately, this unreal money has a way of suddenly ceasing to exist. Although there is an increase every year, the quantity is often *decreased* enormously

in localities and over the country generally for short periods—sometimes to the extent of scores if not hundreds of millions in a single day.

The following table showing the amounts of hocus pocus money that the Comptroller's reports prove to have been in use during the last eighteen years, exclusive of the banks whose reports do not reach his office, are well worth studying:

1888	$1,692,623,175
1889	1,974,449,804
1890	2,069,588,017
1891	2,081,497,820
1892	2,348,003,285
1893	2,143,768,876
1894	2,239,271,272
1895	2,353,221,984
1896	2,325,574,523
1897	2,532,006,731
1898	3,032,970,907
1899	3,695,736,817
1900	4,125,025,212
1901	4,929,982,322
1902	5,538,040,670
1903	5,951,232,706
1904	6,248,364,523
1905	7,272,165,332

The total increase was $5,579,542,157 and it has now reached the billion a year stage. Every one of these 7,272 million dollars now in actual use is absolutely fictitious capital—created by bankers out of nothing and usable by only those who pay interest on it to its creators. It would be hard to overstate the importance of this fact. Neither the trust problem in general nor that of the railroads in particular can be successfully dealt with until it has been corrected.

Thoughtful people are becoming more and more alarmed at the dizzy proportions of the trust problem; the enormous aggregations of wealth already in the hands of corporations; the marvelous rapidity with which a few men are securing control of the means of production and distribution. These operations have been especially noticeable during the last eight years, *and this is also the period during which the quantity of hocus pocus money has increased so phenomenally.*

These incontrovertible facts are not mere coincidences. Their relation is that of cause and effect. The men whose wealth increases with such rapidity and who through the trusts are securing control of the industries of the country, are those who own—or are able to "manage" those that own—some of the banks that make and decide who may, *and who shall not*, use these billions of purely fictitious money.

The chief difference between the permanently successful promoters and those that are successful at one time and bankrupt at another is that great banking houses favor the former at all times, while the latter are "accommodated" when money is abundant and denied when it is scarce.

Although the foregoing facts are certainly important enough to call for a careful study of the real nature of these transactions and their effect upon the public welfare, the press gives them little or no attention, WATSON'S MAGAZINE being the only high-class periodical that has given the subject any consideration. I repeat what I have said in other articles, that the reason for this is that bankers generally do everything they can to prevent the discussion of the nature of hocus pocus money and the results of its use. Again I repeat that this course creates a presumption that they are aware that such knowledge would work to their disadvantage.

The vital importance of this subject justifies calling attention to a few more facts showing the dangerous increase in the operations of the national, state and private banks, and loan and trust companies—the four distinctively hocus pocus money-making factories which

the Comptroller's report has put beyond controversy.

In 1888 there were only 5,866 of them, while in 1895 they numbered 15,260. In 1888 their entire capital, surplus and undivided profits and the notes of the national banks, aggregated $1,364,011,668, and in 1905 it had increased to $3,135,508,176. In 1888 the portion of their capital they reported invested in bonds, stocks, real estate and real estate mortgages amounted to $662,349,008 and in 1905 to $3,126,980,180. Consequently, although in 1888 they had $701,662,660 of capital available for commercial loans, in 1905 it had dwindled to $28,428,629. Yet in 1888, with $701,662,660 of uninvested capital, they loaned $2,394,285,835, or $3.41 of loans to $1 of loanable capital; and in 1905 with only $28,428,629 of available capital, they loaned $7,300,595,968, or $256.80 *loans for every* $1 *of their loanable capital!*

The truth about these four kinds of banks is that, taken as a whole, *every* dollar of their own capital and many millions of their depositors' money is invested in income-earning property, nearly all of which can, at any time, be quietly sold or mortgaged for its full value without the knowledge of the public, so that individual depositors can have little security beyond the personal integrity and good judgment of their bankers.

Yet with a system that enables them to stretch $1 into $256, they are not content, and our "great and good President" blindly endorses their demand for a still more elastic—that is, fluctuating—currency.

The kind of elasticity they desire is apparently illustrated by the loan and trust companies, upon whom the laws impose little or no restrictions. In 1888 there were only 122 of them, with an aggregate capital of $89,195,197 with which they purchased property or "loaned" on real estate $133,137,094; and yet with $43,941,897, *less than nothing left*, they collected interest on $204,118,569 of commercial "loans and discounts."

This looks like "elasticity" run mad. But in 1905 their number had increased to 683; their capital to $606,649,394; their purchases of property with this capital to $1,007,276,260; and yet with $400,626,936 *less* than nothing left, they reported their loans at $1,405,238,470. But still, like the horse-leech's daughter, they continue to cry hungrily, "Give! Give!"

When a banker can be induced to talk on this subject, he is sure to claim that what I call hocus pocus money is merely "bank credit" and that it is as legitimate for a banker to "lend his credit" as for a merchant to give credit to his customers, or for a farmer to sell produce on time. But this is incorrect.

The truth is that, while bankers *borrow* immense sums, they never *lend* anything. They simply *buy* notes, drafts, and so forth. The terms "credit," "borrow," "loans" have so long been misused by bankers for the purpose of making it appear that they are conferring "favors" that it is now difficult for most people to understand the real nature of the transactions in which they are compelled to pay interest on mythical money.

Brown takes a note to a banker, who agrees to pay him its face less the discount for it, and enters in his "pass book" the untrue statement that Brown has deposited that much money in the bank. The courts say that this note is personal property. After its sale it certainly belongs to the bank and the banker's part in the transaction is, therefore, neither a "loan" nor a "credit," but an outright purchase. The note belongs to the bank and the money belongs to Brown and is simply left in the bank with the understanding that it may be used by it until called for.

Consequently if there is any borrowing in this case, *it is done by the bank*, which is permitted to use money left temporarily in its possession. If there is either a lender or a creditor, it must be Brown, whose money is used by the bank with his consent and without charge.

When Jones "runs up an account" at a store he is not said to be "borrowing" either goods or credit, nor does the merchant "lend" them. It is simply a matter of buying and selling. The grain dealer's purchase of wheat from a farmer, the money for which is to be paid when called for, is as truly an "accommodation" as is the purchase of a note by a banker.

The more this subject is examined, the more clearly it appears that there is no such thing as "bank *credit*" or "bank *loans*." And that the something —or nothing—which the banks give in exchange for notes is, in intention, and in effects "*money*." The hocus pocus feature of it is that, while it is money so long as interest is paid on it to the bank, it becomes literally nothing as soon as the note for the purchase of which it was created is cancelled. And this destruction of it by payment of the note practically contracts the medium of exchange that much.

One of the chief objections to hocus pocus money is its excessive elasticity. Like that of the sleight-of-hand man, the banker's only limit is the number of accounts he can keep in the air and yet pay each on demand. More than 20,000 banks are both making and destroying this kind of money *every day*—primarily for the promotion of their own interests, with comparatively little regard for those of their patrons.

Only twelve years ago, wishing the Silver Purchasing Act repealed, the bankers of New York City suddenly contracted the volume of hocus pocus money about $500,000,000. The avowed intention of this "object lesson" was to create conditions that would *compel* unwilling businessmen to bring sufficient pressure to bear on Congress to intimidate its members into complying with this demand of the bankers. The diabolical scheme succeeded, but at terrible cost—the panic of 1893. And several times since the operations of the financial kings have almost precipitated another.

My contention is that a plan can be, and should be, devised that will enable the National Government gradually to substitute some kind of real money whose volume cannot be materially changed without the knowledge of the public, for the hocus pocus money which not only can be, but so often is, suddenly expanded or contracted by mercenary manipulators of the money market.

I insist that, other things being equal, *visible* money with the National Government behind it *must* be sounder, safer and better in every way than *invisible* money with only some local bank behind it. And this is the idea—the consideration of which I am urging upon the people.

Candidly, is not *seven thousand million dollars* too much to allow banks to make with their pens, without those who pay interest on it having even a bank note to show?

Among the many reasons why real, stable currency should be substituted for the more than $7,000,000,000 of unreal, "elastic," mythical money now in use is the fact that this hocus pocus money is the sole cause of financial panics. Should any banker deny this he ought to be able to disprove the following statements:

1. Financial panics were unheard of before the hocus pocus money method was devised, and they are still unknown in all countries whose business is not done with it to a considerable extent.

2. Financial panics have always been most frequent and disastrous in the countries in which hocus pocus money constitute the larger part of the medium of exchange.

I submit that if either of these historic facts is incorrect some banker ought to be able to show it. Ten years' effort on my part has not induced one of them to make the attempt. If the facts are as stated they create so strong a presumption that my conclusions are correct as to make it incumbent on political economists, statesmen and humanitarians at least to study and discuss the subject.

It must be kept in mind that banks which owe more than $7,000,000,000 of hocus pocus money to people who, incorrectly, think they have that much real money on deposit, hold notes sold them by millions of people living in every neighborhood. *These notes*, on an average, *have less than two months to run.* Also, whenever, for any reason, bankers become alarmed—or a few of the large ones desire to put down values—the terrifying demand "pay me what thou owest" is heard everywhere. As at such times many bankers refuse to make new loans or to renew old ones, the payments made contract the volume of "the medium of exchange" with which their customers were carrying on their business—and the loss of which must compel them to do less business or to cease entirely.

It is well within bounds to say that millions of people have been financially crippled and hundreds of thousands absolutely ruined by the contraction of hocus pocus money—which they had ignorantly supposed to be real money. *This contraction would have been not only unnecessary but impossible* with a rational monetary system.

With millions of people fearing that in the general scramble they will be unable either to pay their notes or to get them renewed it is not surprising that panics sometimes result and that great numbers of people are ruined. And this, not because most bankers are especially bad men, but because this bad "elastic" monetary system often puts them where they are compelled to throw some of their patrons to the wolves to save themselves and others.

For Sale **5,000 ACRES OF LAND ON FLINT RIVER, GEORGIA**

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Some Startling Inconsistencies

THE SUNDAY before election day Cardinal Gibbons preached a sermon at the Cathedral in Baltimore anent the coming presidential election. The Washington *Herald* gave a column to the sermon, and a few days later the same paper, out of apparent great solicitude for the Cardinal and fearful that he might be misunderstood, published an editorial entitled "What the Cardinal Meant," and saying:

> "Cardinal Gibbons in his election-eve sermon exhorted his hearers to take warm interest in the political welfare of their country. There was no command to go to the polls; only 'to be earnest about the welfare of the country.' To most people being in earnest about the welfare of the country means voting at the primaries and on election day. And, in fact, it is undoubtedly true that most qualified voters who do not vote fail to do so because of apathy and lack of interest in the welfare of the community."

While it is true the Cardinal did not use the words "go to the polls" and vote, the evident intent of the sermon, preached as it was immediately before election day, was to urge his hearers to cast their votes as dutiful citizens. At any rate the Baltimore *American* so construed the Cardinal's sermon, as that paper headed its article on the sermon with the words: "Cardinal Urges All Men to Vote." But what harm is there in a preacher admonishing his hearers to vote, if he does not direct them for whom to vote or make known for whom he shall vote? No harm whatever. Then why does the editor of the Washington paper referred to become so supersensitive and fearful with regard to the Cardinal's possibly being misconstrued as to write a nonsensical and irrelevant editorial? It causes the reader to scrutinize the sermon more carefully and analyze it more minutely, and to perchance detect some glaring inconsistencies which would have been passed over and forgotten. Thus, in reality the editor does the Cardinal more harm than good.

Turning to the sermon, which appears in full in "*The Baltimore Sun*" of November 4, 1912, the Cardinal says:

> "May God so enlighten the mind and quicken the conscience of the American people to a sense of their civic duties as to arouse in them an earnest and practical interest in the coming election, and mayHe so guide their hearts that they will select a chief magistrate whose administration will redound to the material prosperity and moral welfare of our beloved republic."

Surely that is wholesome advice and perfectly proper for ministers of all denominations to give, and why the words, "an earnest and *practical* interest in the coming election" should not be taken to mean *voting* at the coming election, is an enigma. So much for the misguided solicitude of this Washington paper for the Cardinal's welfare. It shows how the editor would vote if the Cardinal were running for office.

Taking up some inconsistencies in the Cardinal's sermon, reference is to be made to the following statement:

> "There are three conspicuous citizens who are now candidates for the Presidency. Whatever may be my private and personal preference and predilection, it is not for me in this sacred pulpit or any-

where else publicly to dictate or even suggest to you the candidate of my choice."

The Cardinal seems all of a sudden to have awakened to a realization of his exalted position, after having sadly fallen from it, because only a few months previously he unquestionably declared his preference for President Taft, and for him to state in his sermon at the last moment before election that he would not intimate this preference and that he would not, especially in a holy pulpit, dictate how his hearers should vote, seems insincere. We all recall that October a year ago in his cathedral pulpit at Baltimore, to which now he ascribes such a sanctity as to preclude him from expressing his personal preference, he preached a jubilee sermon, semi-political in its nature, wherein he denounced the Initiative, Referendum, Recall of judges and the popular election of senators, which were measures known to have been opposed by President Taft. This, then, was a direct approval of President Taft's course and of him as a candidate, should he be renominated. The following February the Cardinal made the following public statement:

"President Taft has shown himself efficient in office and sincere in all his efforts. Moreover, being in the saddle, President Taft has a great advantage over the other candidates. His work during his stay in the White House deserves the second term recognition."

In this way the Cardinal, months in advance of the election prepared the minds of his people as to who was his personal preference, so that there was no need of his announcing from the pulpit the Sunday before election day, for whom he intended to vote in order to guide his hearers in their choice between the candidates.

Another inconsistency in the Cardinal's sermon is his hearty approval of invoking God's aid in certain functions of the government, while his church has invariably and vigorously denounced the bringing of the presence of God into our public schools, by the reading of the Bible, the saying of prayers or the singing of hymns. The Cardinal's words are as follows:

"RECOGNITION OF PROVIDENCE.

"One of the leaders of the convention that assembled in Philadelphia to frame the Constitution of the United States made the following sage remark to his colleagues: 'We have spent many days and weeks in our deliberations, and we have accomplished little or nothing. We have been groping in the dark, because we have not sought light from the Father of Lights to illumine our understanding. I have lived for many years, and the older I grow the more I am convinced that a Supreme Power interposes in the affairs of mankind. For if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His knowledge, how can an empire rise without His co-operation? And we also know from the Sacred Volume that unless the Lord build the house, he laboreth in vain who buildeth.'"

Contrast with France.

"And happily for the nation this humble recognition of a superintending power has been upheld from the dawn of the republic to our own time. What a striking contrast we present in this respect to our sister republic across the Atlantic, which once bore the proud title of 'eldest daughter of the church.' The leaders of the French republic are so far carried away by the tide of unbelief that they

studiously eliminate the name of God from their official utterances. How different is the conduct of our leaders and statesmen! They have all paid homage to the moral governor of the world. All the presidents of the United States, from George Washington to William Howard Taft, have invariably invoked the aid of the Heavenly Father in their inaugural proclamations. It is also the edifying custom of our Chief Magistrate to invite his fellow citizens to assemble in their respective places of worship on the last Thursday of November, to offer thanksgiving to the Giver of all gifts for the blessings vouchsafed to the nation. Both houses of Congress are daily opened with prayer. And all important civic and political conventions are inaugurated by an appeal to the throne of grace. God's supremacy is also recognized by the observance of the Christian Sabbath throughout the land."

As far as the Cardinal has gone, every Christian must give hearty approval but since the Roman Catholic Hierarchy has gained such political ascendency here in this country, the public schools have come in for a goodly share of the condemnation by Pope, prelate and priest for the reading of the Bible, the uttering of prayers and the singing of hymns, and in some jurisdictions the Catholics have succeeded in having these practices stopped. If it is commendable to invoke God's blessings in legislative halls, party conventions, etc., why not in the public schools? Can the Cardinal explain? Not only that, the Cardinal himself has said uncomplimentary things about our common schools, calling them "imperfect, vicious and destructive of the religion of youth." Pope Pius IX. says, "Education outside of the Catholic church is damnable heresy." Cardinal McCloskey says: "We must take part in elections and move in a solid mass in every state against the party obliged to sustain the public schools."

The third inconsistency in the Cardinal's sermon is contained in the foregoing quotation, where he says:

> "What a striking contrast we present in this respect (the invoking for God's blessing) to our sister republic across the Atlantic, which once bore the proud title of 'eldest daughter of the church.' The leaders of the French Republic are so far carried away by the tide of unbelief that they studiously eliminate the name of God from their official utterances."

Think of it, France, where the church was dominant for centuries! France, the "eldest daughter of the church!" France, who but yesterday bore the palm for her loyalty to the Catholic church! France, who today has separated Church and State, confiscated church property, driven out religious orders, taken charge of education, and this after the Roman Hierarchy dominated her for centuries. Why does the Cardinal grieve that God is not brought into the national affairs of France? It would seem that he should grieve that there is something so vitally lacking in the Catholic religion that France should have evolved to its present state after that religion was the national religion for centuries.

Probably the Cardinal did not intend to admit so much. But if the editor of the Washington paper quoted at the beginning of this article would take up these serious inconsistencies, its readers would be more benefited than by an editorial attempting to show that the Cardinal did not mean what he intended to mean.

REGARDING THE EIGHT HOUR LAW.

Dear Sir: Would you kindly inform me through your Educational Department:

Whether there has been adopted by any nation the 8 hour law?

And what change would have to be made in our Constitution to put such a law into effect in this country?

Thanking you in advance for the desired information.

Respectfully,

——— ———.

Answer:

New Zealand has what is practically the 8 hour law. In other words, from one end of the colony to the other 8 hours is recognized as the Standard Working Day, both in public and private service.

In the United States, 8 hours is the legal working day on public works.

No change would have to be made in our Constitution to make such a law general in this country.

Congress and the States have just as much legal right to make an Eight Hour Day as they have to make a Thanksgiving Day, or other Holiday. T. E. W.

IF NATIONAL BANKS WERE ABOLISHED.

Dear Sir: I am very much interested in the Educational Department of your excellent Magazine, and glean much valuable information from it.

The inductive or interrogatory style, so often and advantageously used by yourself in your editorials, is the best method of teaching on any subject. Questions are easily asked—any one can do this.

Answering is sometimes more difficult.

(1) If National Banks should be abolished, and the Government issue the money used by the people, how would it be put in circulation?

(2) If the National Banks were abolished, would it not be a matter of convenience in business transactions, and be necessary, to have private banks?

(3 Can you furnish back-numbers, from the beginning of your paper?

These questions are frequently asked by the common people, and some of us are puzzled to know how to answer satisfactorily.

Grover Cleveland, I think, once said, that however money might be created, the middle-man, by trusts, monopolies, and speculations, would take the advantage and oppress the poor and needy, just the same.

Yours respectfully,

——— ———.

Westminster, S. C.

Answer:

The National Banks now have outstanding notes to the amount of $750,000,000 in round numbers. If the privilege of issuing these notes as money were taken away from the National Banks, the paper money now in circulation would be reduced to $750,000,000. Suppose the Government should issue an equal sum in its own notes to take the place of the National Bank notes—how could the Government put its own notes into circulation?

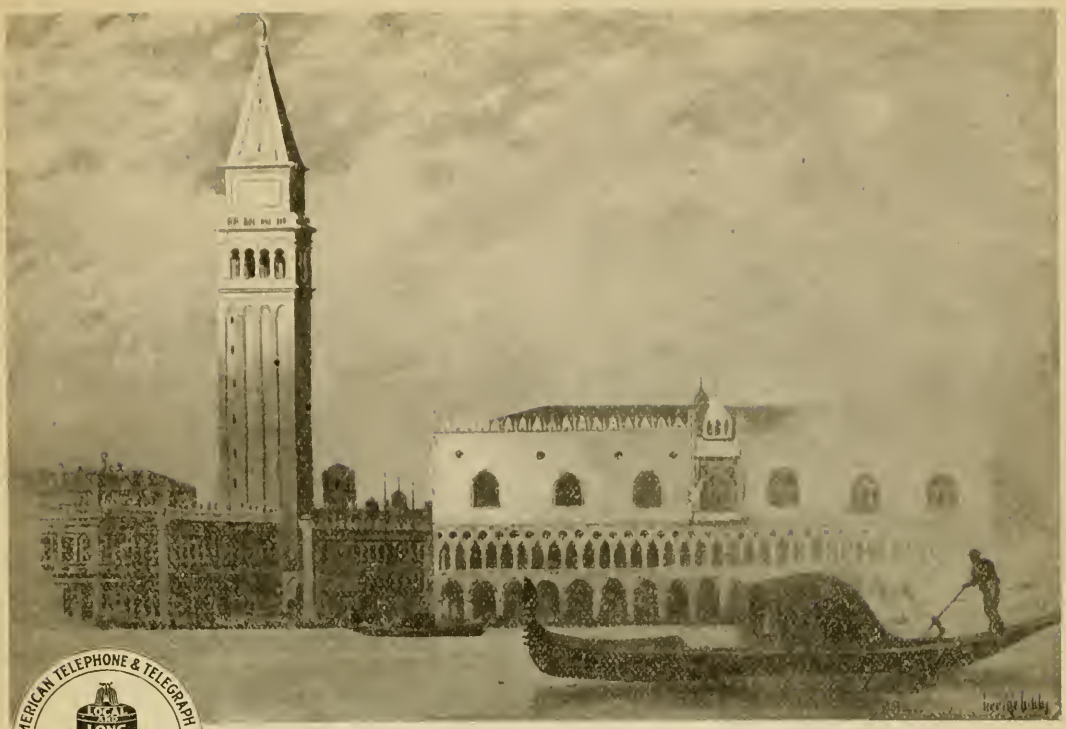
(1) It could **immediately** put the entire amount in circulation by applying it to the part payment of the public debt. We are the richest nation on earth: the richest that history knows anything about—yet we keep ourselves mortgaged with a perpetual National Debt because the favored few demand bonds to bank on. If National Banks were abolished, as real Democracy always sought to do, there would be no further excuse for keeping the Bond-Mortgage on the National estate.

(2) It could put the entire amount, $750,000,000, in circulation **gradually** by paying the national expenses with it.

(3) It could put the money in circulation by building Government railroads with it.

(4) And my opinion is that the whole sum could be benevolently assimilated by that Panama Canal business which the sleek Cromwell and his Varilla unloaded on the impulsive Roosevelt.

Second Question: Yes. We wage no war on private banks. As long as banks confine themselves to legitimate banking, loans, discounts &c., they are not a source of national danger. It is only when a



Seven Million Watch-Towers in the Bell System

The original campanili were the watch-towers of old Venice, guarding the little republic from invasion by hostile fleets.

Later, bells were mounted in these same towers to give warning of attack and celebrate victories.

Judged by modern telephone standards, such a system of communication seems crude and inadequate.

In the civilization of to-day, a more perfect intercommunication is essential to national safety, convenience and progress.

The Bell System binds together a nation of nearly one hundred million people, by "highways of speech" extending into every nook and corner of this great country.

Seven million Bell telephone stations are the watch-towers which exchange, daily, twenty-five million messages for the happiness, prosperity and progress of all the people.

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certain class of bankers, like the National Bankers, usurp the Government function by supplying the country with money, that they are, as Jefferson said, more dangerous to Republican institutions than standing armies.

Question 3: No. T. E. W.

FINDS MAGAZINE INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Dear Sir: I am a regular reader of your Magazine, which I find very interesting and instructive. I believe in the Public ownership of Public Utilities, but fear that does not go far enough to cure the land of the evils that now curse it. With Government banks, Government railroads, Municipal Ownership of Public Utilities, there would still be that awful strife of the many for bread and butter. If we may ride cheaper on the "Railhighways," if we get our Water, Gas, and Electric Light cheaper, will not the wages of the workers go down as the cost of living decreases? Will not then as now, the "iron law" of wages be operative?

Please answer in your Educational Department.

Yours,

——— ———.

Memphis, Tenn.

Answer:

As the cost of living decreased, the purchasing power of wages would increase, and every dollar now paid to Labor would command for the laborer a greater quantity of necessaries, comfort and luxuries of life.

How could you suppose that the wages of workers will go down when the masses of the people wrest the Government out of the hands of the plutocrats? Public ownership of public utilities cannot be brought about until the people rout the Privileged Few at the polls. When that day comes do you fear that the people will cut down their own wages as the Privileged Few have done?

Not many years ago the price of cotton advanced. The farmers of the South had suffered so long and so much from low prices that they organized. The result was a rise in the price of raw cotton.

How did the Protected Manufacturers of New England meet this increase in the cost of raw material?

The Government reports show that the manufacturers have been earning twice as much on their invested capital as the farmers had earned. It was fair for the farmers to contend for a juster division. Hence their organization.

The manufacturers saw that they would lose a part of the unjust profits which they were reaping from the Protective system, and they promptly cut down—their fat dividends? Heavens! No. They cut down the wages of the factory boys and girls, men and women, who are protected by our blessed Tariff.

Now if the people ruled this country, if there was no Privilege, no Monopoly, no taxing of some to enrich others, no granting of Governmental powers to private Corporations, no corrupt alliance between Commerce and Government, you may bet your bottom dollar that fat dividends would be cut, before men, women and children would be desolated by a reduction of wages. T. E. W.

POINT ON DEBATE ASKED.

Dear Sir: Please give me some suggestions in your interesting Educational Department on the negative side of this question: Resolved, that the United States is retrograding in morality and righteousness.

——— ———.

Galion, Ohio.

Answer:

The negative side of that question might draw arguments of facts from "Social Progress" by Dr. Josiah Strong, "The History of the People of the United States" by McMaster. To keep your mind clear from haunting doubts, however, avoid such books on the other side as "The Tramp at Home," by Lee Meriwether, "American Pauperism," by Isidor Ladoff, "The Menace of Privilege," by Henry George, "Poverty," by Robert Hunter.

It would be well also, not to read of the Life Insurance revelations, nor the facts which disclose how corporations corrupt and control the politicians.

T. E. W.

WHAT LAW BOOKS TO STUDY.

Dear Sir: Please answer the following questions in the Department of Education:

Would you advise me to study the following books with the hope of getting a thorough knowledge of law?

1. How to Study Law.
2. Constitutional Law, Federal and State.
3. Personal Rights and Domestic Relations.
4. Contracts and Partnerships.
5. Agency and Bailments, including Common Carriers.
6. Negotiable Instruments and Principal and Surety.
7. Wills and Settlements of Estates.

8. Personal Property and Equity or Chancery Law.
9. Public Corporations and Private Corporations.
10. Real Property and Pleading and Practice.

Very truly yours,

——— ———.

Temple, Ga.

Answer:

There are ten different books indicated in this formidable list, whereas the subjects enumerated are all treated with sufficient fulness in the text-books which I have heretofore suggested to law students, viz:

(1) Blackstone's Commentaries.
(2) Kent's Commentaries.
(3) Greenleaf on Evidence.
(5) The State Code.

T. E. W.

WHAT THE OBJECT OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY WAS.

Dear Sir: Will you please tell me in your Magazine the principal object you had in leaving the Democratic Party and going into the People's Party?

Have the Republican or Democratic parties ever advocated the Government ownership of public utilities? If so, which one and when? Has that question ever been agitated in Europe? When and who by?

Truly yours,

——— ———.

Answer:

My election to Congress was due to my support of the Ocala Platform of the Farmers' Alliance, and when the Indianapolis Convention of 1891 instructed all Congressmen so elected to stand by the principles of the Alliance regardless of the Caucus dictation of political parties, I declined to enter the Democratic Congressional Caucus in Washington.

(1) I was immediately denounced in the bitterest terms by nearly every Democratic paper in Georgia; yet I could not have done otherwise without betraying the Alliancemen who had elected me.

I did not join the Alliance as so many time-servers did; I remained on the outside, but they trusted me so implicitly that I received the solid Alliance vote. How, then, could I walk into the Caucus trap, to be silenced and tied by a majority

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vote which was dead against the Alliance demands?

During the summer of 1891, I had held a series of great public meetings throughout my District, and these Conventions of the voters overwhelmingly and enthusiastically instructed me to stand by the principles rather than the party, if the time came when it was necessary to choose the one course of the other. Then came the organization of the People's Party, after it had become plain that neither of the old parties meant to give the people relief.

I went with the People's Party because my election had been due to those principles, and because the same overwhelming majority of Democrats who had elected me had gone into the People's Party, and because I had no hope whatever of getting the reforms inside the Democratic Party.

(2) Neither the Republican nor the Democratic Party has ever advocated "Government Ownership of Public Utilities."

In Europe the principle is almost universally recognized and practiced.

Government ownership of Railroads is the rule of the Continent. In England the Imperial Government owns the Telegraphs and Telephones. The Government Parcels Post does the work of an Express Company. Municipal railroads, telegraphs, telephones, lighting plants, water systems, laundries, bathing establishments, bakeries, etc., etc., are in operation all over Great Britain and all over Europe.

We are the laggards, we smart folks of the United States. We are the only nation of civilized cattle on earth which the Corporations find easy prey.

T. E. W.

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES OF 1896.

Dear Sir: Will you kindly print in your next issue of your Magazine the names of Presidential candidates of the Democratic and People's Party of 1896 and 1900.

Most respectfully,

Idalia, Colo. ——— ———.

Answer:

1896, Democratic Candidates: Bryan and Sewall. People's Party Candidates: Bryan and Watson.

1900, Democratic Candidates: Bryan and Stevenson. People's Party Candidates: Barker and Donnelly.

T. E. W.

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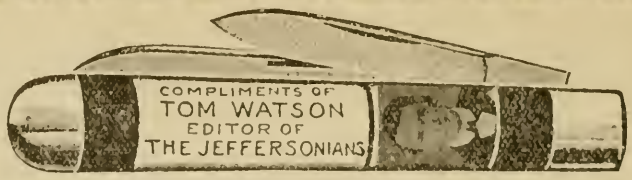

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Reason for Haste.—"I understand that T. A. Edison says that concrete shoes will be all the rage soon."

"Gee! I guess I'll speak to your father right away."—Houston Post.

Consoling.—"You will be the victim of a fatal accident."

"Good gracious!"

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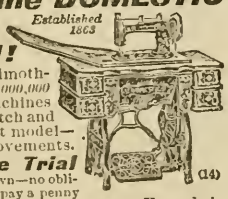

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Even after all of this one-sided procedure, *the jury refused for many hours, to find a true-bill.*

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Had it not been for the activity and the vote of *a Baptist preacher,* no bill would have been found.

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